

AUGUST

17

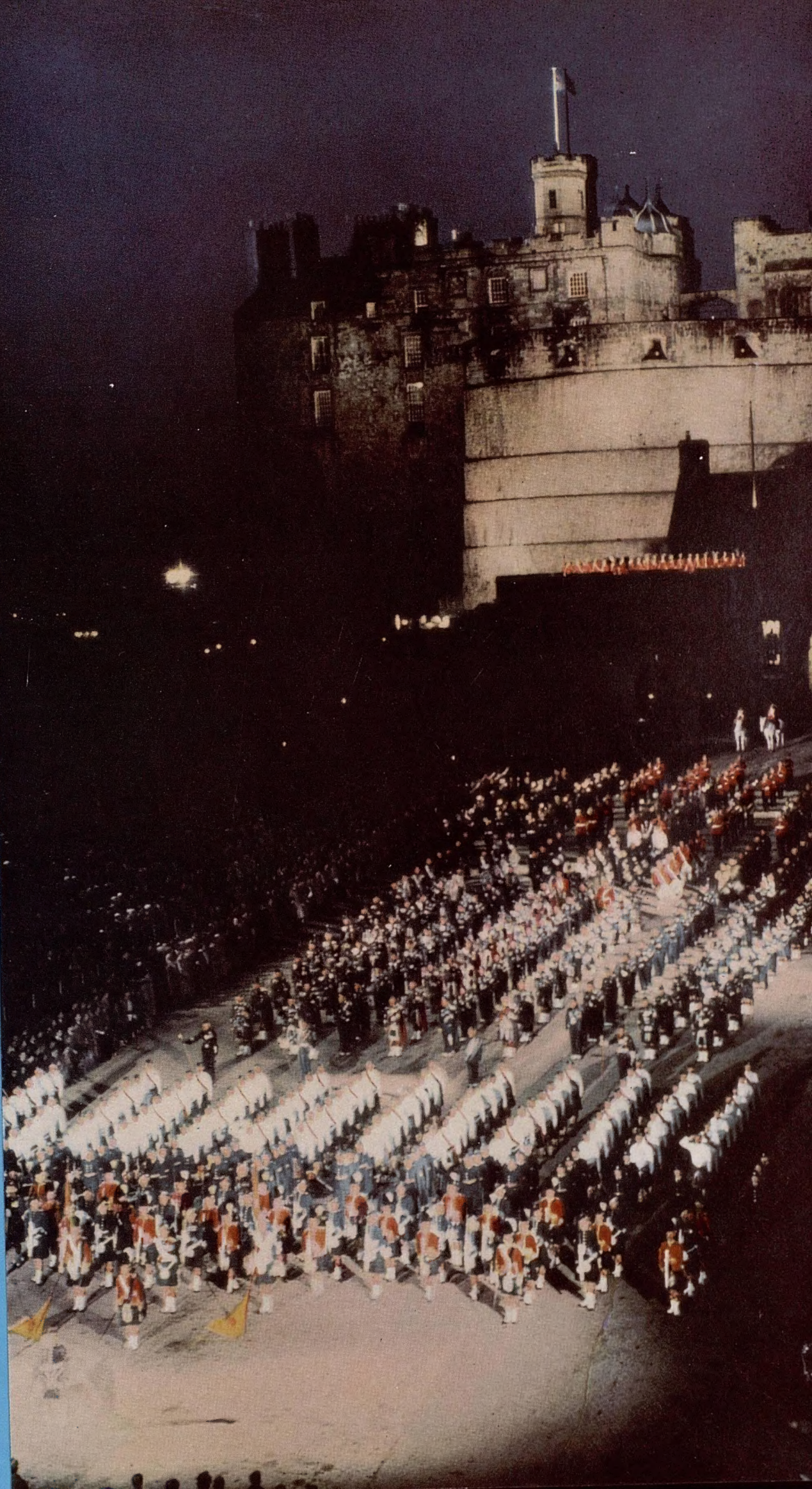
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# DIARY OF THE WEEK

From August 17 to August 24



THE EDINBURGH TATTOO is the subject of The TATLER cover this week. This splendid, impressive spectacle, which opens on August 22, takes place each evening on the Esplanade in front of Edinburgh Castle. An important feature of this programme are the military massed bands, consisting of the Coldstream Guards, The Highland Light Infantry (City of Glasgow Regiment), the King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Gordon Highlanders, in addition to which there are the pipes and drums from a number of Highland regiments. The performance commences each evening with the firing off of a cannon from the castle ramparts

**Aug. 17 (Wed.)** Racing at Bath, Beverley and Sandown (two days).

*Evening News* Country Show at Olympia, including Ponies of Great Britain club events (4 days).

First night of *Mrs. Willie*, with Yvonne Arnaud, at the Globe Theatre.

Sailing: Falmouth and the Royal Yorkshire Yacht Club regatta weeks.

Tennis: third day of North of England Championships at Scarborough and Scottish Hard Court Championships at St. Andrews (until 20th).

**Aug. 18 (Thur.)** Racing at Bath, Beverley and Sandown (two days).

First night of *Painting The Town* at the Palladium.

**Aug. 19 (Fri.)** Sailing: Bembridge Regatta.

Racing at Lingfield.

Regattas: Aldeburgh Yacht Club (three days) and Bournemouth (two days).

Dance: *Mrs. G. S. Incleton-Webber's* for her daughter Elizabeth, at Branton, Devon.

**Aug. 20 (Sat.)** The Duke of Gloucester will present new colours to the 4/7th Battalion, the Gordon Highlanders, of which regiment he is colonel-in-chief, at Aberdeen.

Fourth National Air Races, including the King's Cup, at Coventry Civic Aerodrome.

Motor Racing at Goodwood—B.A.R.C. International meeting.

Cricket: Middlesex v. Surrey at Lord's and Hampshire v. the South Africans at Southampton.

**Aug. 21 (Sun.)** The Edinburgh Festival begins closing date September 11.

Racing: The Prix Morny and Grand Handicap de la Manche at Deauville.

Polo World Open Championships at Deauville.

**Aug. 22 (Mon.)** Racing at Worcester and Alexandra Park.

Sailing: Lowestoft Regatta week.

First Night of the Edinburgh Tattoo.

**Aug. 23 (Tues.)** Torbay Royal Yacht Club Regatta.

Racing at York (three days).

**Aug. 24 (Wed.)** Racing at Brighton (two days).

Cricket at Lord's Middlesex v. Leicestershire, at The Oval Surrey v. Sussex, and at Canterbury, Kent v. the South Africans.

National Radio and Television Exhibition at Earls Court (until September 3).

Sailing: Torquay Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta.

First night of *Dead On Nine* at the Westminster Theatre.

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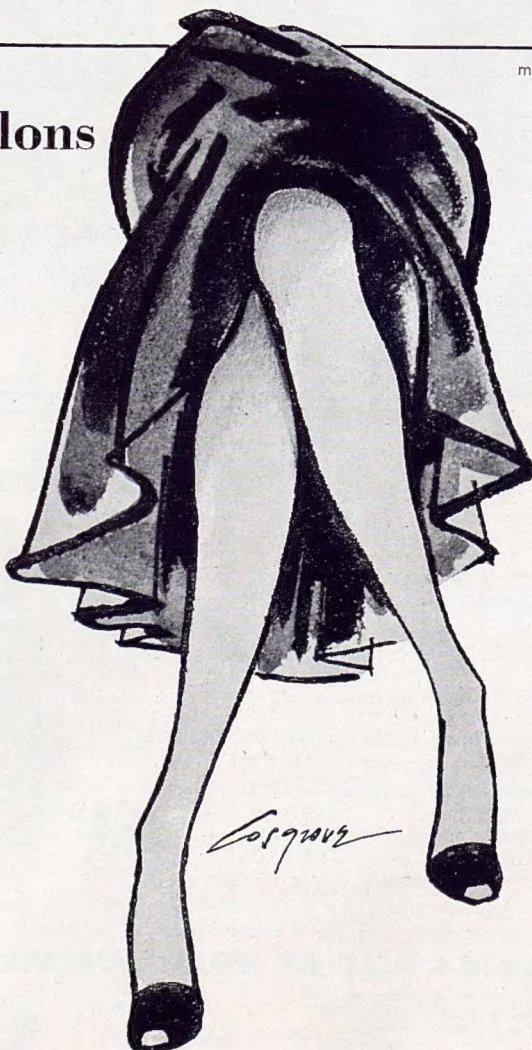
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Gabor Denes

## Our Royal yachtsman

H.R.H. Prince Philip, with his many capabilities as a fine all-round sportsman, has given a welcome Royal patronage to sporting events in this country. His participation in Cowes Week was perhaps the most appreciated. He is seen here at the helm of Coweslip, his Flying Fifteen, with Mr. Uffa Fox the designer as crew. More pictures of this event appear on pages 282-5



## A LOVELY DÉBUTANTE

THE Hon. Diana Herbert, an outstanding débutante of this year, is the daughter of Lord and Lady Herbert and inherits much of the Paget good looks from her grandmother. Her parents gave a ball for her in May at Wilton near Salisbury, the family home of her grandparents the Earl and Countess of Pembroke, one of the great houses of England, containing many beautiful treasures and some of the finest work of Inigo Jones. The portrait drawing on this page is by Molly Bishop



*Social Journal*

*Jennifer*

## A SUPERLATIVE COWES WEEK

H.M. the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh were due to arrive last Saturday at Balmoral Castle for their annual summer holiday with their children in the Highlands. Their visit usually lasts until late September or early October, but for the Queen it can never be a complete rest as she always has the daily dispatch box from London to deal with, and both H.M. and Prince Philip generally have a few official engagements to fulfil in the district during their stay. But everyday life is quite informal and includes having a few personal friends to stay.

This year the Queen and Duke of Edinburgh arrived by sea on board the Royal Yacht Britannia, landing at Aberdeen where they had a number of engagements to fulfil. This was at the end of a week's cruise during which they had paid official visits to several parts of Wales and the Isle of Man. With them on the Britannia were the Duke of Edinburgh's mother, Princess Andrew of Greece, who, with Prince Charles and Princess Anne, had embarked a day earlier at Spithead. Prince Michael of Kent was already on board to greet his cousins as he had remained on board after Cowes where he had spent four days with the

Duke of Edinburgh. Towards the end of the trip the Royal party were joined at Stranraer by Princess Margaret who had flown down from Caithness where she had been staying with the Queen Mother as guests of Lt.-Cdr. and Lady Doris Vyner.

★ ★ ★

THE presence of the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Michael of Kent on board the Royal Yacht Britannia gave a great fillip to Cowes Week which was blessed with sunshine throughout. Prince Philip who was racing each day, either at the helm of the Dragon class Bluebottle which he owns jointly with the Queen, or in the flying fifteen Coweslip, which was given to him by the people of Cowes, or in Mr. Uffa Fox's new sloop Fresh Breeze. In this boat Mr. Fox who is one of the most original of designers has fixed a riding saddle on which the helmsman can sit! Young Prince Michael who was enjoying his first Cowes Week went out racing with Prince Philip and Mr. Fox in this boat and was tremendously thrilled with the experience. He took the keenest interest in every shape and size of craft in Cowes water, of which there were a great variety and number.

The Prince had his first tuition in sailing under the careful and knowledgeable guidance of Mr. Fox.

FROM my bedroom window at the Fountain Hotel in Cowes, where I found many yachtsmen and yachtswomen staying, including Col. and Mrs. Guy German, Mr. and Mrs. Michael Powell and Mr. and Mrs. Mellery Pratt, I saw Prince Michael land from a launch with Mr. Uffa Fox. They had just seen the Duke of Edinburgh take off in a helicopter from the lawn of Osborne House at the end of his visit. The young prince was then on his way to Mr. Fox's home to see his fine collection of yachting prints, before returning to the Britannia.

There was much entertaining both on board and on shore at the various yacht clubs. The Duke of Edinburgh had a very small cocktail party of about fifty guests on Britannia, and on the same evening Admiral of the Fleet Sir George Creasy, C.-in-C. Portsmouth, was host at a cocktail party on board the frigate Undine. On the following night guests went out in launches to a very good cocktail party on the Lloyd's Yacht Club's yawl Lutine, and the Hon. Max and Mrs. Aitken gave a very gay party on board their fine schooner Lumberjack. The Royal London Yacht Club gave a cocktail



party at the Club, which has been so cleverly redecorated inside by Mrs. Dick Fremantle, whose husband is Vice-Commodore of the Club. The Swallow Class dinner at the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club was a good party, and the twin brothers Mr. Trevor and Mr. Geoffrey Glanville both keen sailing enthusiasts, gave a very amusing cabaret after dinner.

A BIG charity ball was held as usual at Northwood House on the Wednesday night, but the social highlight of the week was the Cowes Week Regatta Ball held by the Royal Yacht Squadron at Cowes Castle, which was attended by over four hundred guests. This was the first ball to be held here in living memory and proved such a tremendous success that it is hoped it will become an annual event. It was extremely well organized and a most enjoyable affair. Much of the credit is due to the Marquess Camden, Vice-Commodore of the Squadron, who worked tirelessly for the success of the evening, and those who gave much assistance were Commodore Sir Hugh Dawson, Major Nainby-Luxmoore and his wife, Major and Mrs. T. W. Towers-Clark and Major and Mrs. Harold Hall, who had their magnificent new launch Ravahine at Cowes.

The flower decorations were done most cleverly by Mrs. Hall, with the help of Mrs. Charles Wainman. This year Mr. and Mrs. Bill Clegg who run the Pitt House Club at Bembridge so superbly, have done the catering at the Royal Yacht Squadron during Regatta Week, much to everyone's delight.

THEY also provided the exceptionally good supper at the ball which was arranged in a big marquee on the lawn and came in for tremendous praise from all the guests. Dancing took place in the long glass-fronted room called "the Platform," overlooking the sea. The dining room, library and smaller rooms were used for sitting out. So warm was the night that many people sat out on the lawns or on the ramparts overlooking the sea where the Royal Yacht and the frigate Undine, both floodlit, stood out magnificently in the darkness. Among those enjoying this grand ball were Sir Ralph Gore, Commodore of the R.Y.S. and Lady Gore, the Earl and Countess of Malmesbury, who brought their two daughters Lady Sylvia and Lady Nell Harris, the latter dancing with Lord Glentanar, Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, the Earl and Countess of Normanton, and Earl and Countess St. Aldwyn, who dined on board the Verity with Sir Hugh Dawson and his son-in-law and daughter, Major and Mrs. Mostyn before the ball.

Viscount and Viscountess Monsell came with



Swabe

THE HON. ROBERT NEVILLE, who married Miss Robin Helen Brockhoff, cutting the cake at their reception which was held at Audley End, former home of Lord Braybrooke

Capt. and Mrs. Arthur Soames, their hosts on board their lovely new boat; M. Ouvre a very popular French member of the Squadron and his very chic wife, who was in a white dress, Lady Audley and Mr. and Mrs. Herman Andreae, who had come from Majorca in their Idalia. Major Macdonald Buchanan, who was racing his beautiful 12 metre Kaylena during the week, and the Hon. Mrs. Macdonald Buchanan had their pretty daughter Mary with them and I met Sir Derrick and Lady Gunston who had come over from Bembridge.

COLONEL JACK WARD was with Col. and Mrs. Ferris St. George, who were taking part in the rigorous Fastnet race a few days later, as was the Hon. Max Aitken, who came to the ball with Mrs. Aitken. Air/Cdre. and Mrs. Quinnell were thoroughly enjoying the ball, also the Hon. Julian and Mrs. Berry, who were staying with Viscount Camrose on the Virginia, Lord and Lady Fairfax, Sir Reginald Leeds, Miss Elizabeth Ellsworth Jones and Mr. and Mrs. G. Mansell, who are both great sailing enthusiasts. A few nights later the Bembridge Sailing Club held their annual Ball which is always one of the gayest events

of the season in the Isle of Wight, and I will be writing about this next week.

★ ★ ★  
MONSIEUR ALFRED GILBEY, assisted by Father M. C. D'Arcy, officiated at the marriage of Baron von Oppenheim, only son of Baron Harold von Oppenheim and Comtesse de Casteja, to Miss Ione Stuart-Walker, elder daughter of Mr. Alan and Lady Mary Walker, which took place with full Nuptial Mass at the Oratory, Brompton. The bride looked charming in a gown of Brussels lace mounted on cream faille with a long tulle and faille train. Her old family Brussels lace veil was held in place by a diamond tiara (the gift of her parents). Her five bridesmaids Miss Helia Stuart-Walker, Miss Margot Crichton-Stuart, Mlle. Maria-Elena di Rovasenda, Miss Sara Gore and Miss Teresa Crossley wore ballet length, white spotted organza dresses over pink faille, with headdresses of pink forget-me-nots.

The parents of the young couple received the guests at Londonderry House. These included the bridegroom's grandmother Baroness de Rivera, the bride's aunt the Marchioness of Bute, with her fourteen-year-old daughter Lady Fiona Crichton-Stuart, her sons the Earl of Dumfries, Lord David Crichton-Stuart and Lord James Crichton-Stuart, who were among the ushers with their cousins Andrew and Peregrine Bertie, whose mother Lady Jean Bertie was also at the wedding with her husband.

The Countess of Dumfries was there, as were the bride's uncles Lord Robert Crichton-Stuart and Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart and their wives. Also Lord and Lady Colum Crichton-Stuart, the bridegroom's sister Mme. Brigmore and her husband, and Baroness Gabriela Oppenheim with her son-in-law and daughter, Baron and Baroness Georges Ullmann.

OTHER guests included the Spanish Ambassador, the German Ambassador and M. Lebel of the French Embassy. I also met Lady Anderson and her daughter Rohais, who came out this season, the Hon. Mrs. Ronald Senior, Col. Sydney Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Callender, her mother Mrs. Anthony Crossley, Mrs. Shepridge escorted by Mr. Peter Tunnard, Lady Sarah Savile, Miss Valerie Maxwell, Miss Sarah Rose and Miss Alicia Cooke, who all three came out the same year as the bride. Lord Rhidian Crichton-Stuart proposed the health of the young couple, who for the next two years are going to make their home in Cologne. (Picture on page 299.)

[continued overleaf]



Lady Whitmore, Sir Francis Whitmore, Lord Lieutenant of Essex, and Mr. John Whitmore



Capt. G. Callaghan, Miss Fanny Butler and Capt. E. W. Beckwith toast the happy couple



Lord Braybrooke, Mrs. Brockhoff, Lady Braybrooke and Mr. T. A. Brockhoff received the guests

#### At The Wedding Of Lord Braybrooke's Heir To Miss R. H. Brockhoff



## Continuing The Social Journal

## Dublin's gayest week of the year

DUBLIN Horse Show week is undoubtedly the gayest week of the year in the Emerald Isle. Not only is there what is perhaps the best horse show in the world taking place in a unique setting for four consecutive days, but race meetings, blood-stock sales and greyhound racing in the evening. There are, too, cocktail parties, hunt balls, dances and many private parties.

The President and Mrs. Sean O'Kelly came to the Horse Show on an unofficial visit on the opening day accompanied by Mr. Averell Harriman, Governor of New York State. They paid an official visit on the Friday to watch the jumping. Once again there were well over a thousand entries for the Show, among them some very fine young hunters.

On the first day the six hunter judges, divided into pairs, had a formidable task in judging nearly twenty classes totalling about 500 entries. I arrived early on the second morning in time to see the "cup" judging which was extremely interesting and took place in the jumping enclosure. First came the judging for the Coote Perpetual Challenge Cup, presented by the late Sir Algernon Coote for the best heavyweight hunter bred in Ireland. The first and second prizewinners of six classes competed and the cup went to Mr. Galway Greer's brown gelding Radiant Prince. The Joseph Widger Perpetual Challenge trophy for the best medium-weight hunter was competed for by the first and second prizewinners of five classes and was won by Mr. William McAuliffe's King of Diamonds, and thirdly the Samuel Usher Roberts Perpetual Cup for the best lightweight hunter from six classes, the winner being Frigerifico, a very nice-looking brown belonging to the Hon. W. E. Wylie, Q.C., very well ridden by Miss Patricia Camac, who trained with the late Capt. Tony Collings at Porlock.

Frigerifico was later awarded the coveted cup for Champion Hunter of the Show. A most popular award as not only is the winner a beautifully made horse who can gallop on, but the owner, Judge Wylie, a Vice-President of the Royal Dublin Society, is a very great personality and has done so much for the Show. He is undoubtedly one of the finest judges of a



ROYAL LONDON YACHT CLUB ENTERTAINS. A most enjoyable party was held at the clubhouse during Cowes Week. Above: Mr. R. T. Lowein (Rear-Commodore) and Mrs. Lowein and Mr. H. R. Freemantle (Vice-Commodore) and Mrs. Freemantle

horse in the world, but now has few horses as he lives in Dublin. This was his only exhibit in the Show, and I believe the only horse he had this summer. Frigerifico was champion hunter at Belfast earlier in the season and had been well schooled and looked after by Mr. Traill, who was with the judge until he gave up his home at Clonsilla two years ago. Frigerifico has now been bought by Colonel "Pudding" Williams, so horse lovers in this country will have a chance of seeing him soon.

It was interesting to see one of our younger judges fulfilling his task so well. This was Mr. E. J. Davies who was co-judge with that very experienced rider and fine judge Mr. Herbert Sutton, and he was taking infinite pains and riding the lightweight hunters beautifully. His father Mr. H. J. Davies, another well-known judge of a horse, was judging the medium weight hunters with Mr. Dorian Williams, Master of the Whaddon Chase. I saw the Hon. Mrs. Baird and Mr. Horace Smith having a busy time judging five very strong classes of children's ponies, in one of the smaller rings. Lady Pritchard-Jones was watching her husband's polo pony Mollie win third prize in her class. Among those watching the hunters were the Earl of Kildare, Major and Mrs. John Alexander who always have good hunters themselves, Major and Mrs. Michael Beaumont, joint-Masters of the Kildare and owners of the 1954 Dublin champion, What a Walk, Baron and Baroness de Roebeck, who bred the well-known show hunter Earmark, Capt. and the Hon. Mrs.

Garland Emmet, her sister the Hon. Mrs. Du Buisson, Mrs. Filgate and her young daughter, Mrs. Violet Kingscote, Mr. and Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy (he was one of the stewards of the show), Mr. John Wylie, delighted at his father's success, Major and Mrs. Arthur Smith Bingham, Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Donner and Lady Perdita Blackwood who had been riding in the show on the opening day. The jumping competitions were as always varied and interesting, the two banks which are always a feature of this show take quite a lot of jumping well. There were entries from not only Great Britain and Ireland, but also from Canada, the U.S.A., Italy, Sweden, France and Germany. The Aga Khan Cup, for teams of three show jumpers from each country, which was on the Friday after I had left was won by the Italian team with Great Britain second.

Picnic lunches in the car park were very popular on a glorious sunny day and I enjoyed a delicious luncheon here with Mrs. Edward Boylan who had a party of about thirty. Brig. Boylan was too busy with his official duties at the show to join the party, so their younger son Desmond deputized for his father and made an excellent host. Among those sitting on the grass enjoying this excellent picnic were Sir Christopher and Lady Musgrave and their son Dick, Lady Nugent and her son John, who is in the Irish Guards, who brought their houseparty from Ballinlough Castle, including Sir William and Lady Mount and their youngest daughter Clare, who comes out next year, Miss Sheelin Maxwell, looking



G/Capt. D. E. Gillam, owner of Leonie, Mrs. Franklin, Mrs. Gillam and Mr. H. J. Franklin



Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Murray-Wells were ashore for the ball which is held annually for charity



Miss Deirdre Fuller was being supplied with a cigarette by Lt. I. W. Powe, Royal Navy



attractive in navy blue and white and Miss Alicia Cooke. Others enjoying this delicious picnic included Mr. and Mrs. Mabon and their daughter Candida from New York, Mr. John Oakes and Miss Veronica Routledge.

I WENT across to the bloodstock sales for a short while where among those looking at the yearlings were Mr. and Mrs. Darby Rogers, Capt. and Mrs. Peter Fitzgerald, the Earl of Harrington and Col. and Mrs. Harold Boyd-Rochfort.

The Shelbourne Hotel was, as always, packed in Show Week. Staying there were Lord Daresbury, Viscountess Bury, who won several prizes with her horses at the Show, the Duke of Luitpold in Bagern of Bavaria, Lord and Lady Inchiquin, Mr. and Mrs. John Watney from Warwickshire, Count Giacomo Antonelli from Italy, Duke Pietro Salviati, Commander and Mrs. Kenneth Kirkpatrick and their daughter Diana down from Northern Ireland, and Beatrice Lillie, who was having a tremendous success at the Olympia Theatre each evening.

Others I saw at the show during the brief time I was there included Sir Thomas Ainsworth, Mrs. Edge and her daughters Mrs. William Hanson and Miss Diana Edge, who is among the leading lady polo players in Ireland. So too were Brig. and Mrs. Frizz Fowler, who exhibited a very nice hunter, Lord and Lady Carew and the Hon. Patrick and the Hon. Diana and Hon. Gerald Connolly-Carew who were all showing in various classes. The Hon. John and Mrs. Brooke were down from Northern Ireland and both competing, Lt.-Col. Joe Dudgeon and his son Ian, Miss Iris Kellet riding again as well as ever and Major and Mrs. Roly Byers.

There were cocktail parties at the Swedish Embassy and the Italian Embassy, and Sir Basil and Lady Goulding gave what I heard was a truly original and enjoyable evening party at their charming home near Bray on the Wednesday evening and as they were unable to invite all their friends at the same time, they had a second party on the Saturday night. They sent out invitations to a Riviera party, and much of the entertaining took part on rafts on the River Dargle below their home. The week ended with the Louth Hunt Ball which Brig. Edward Boylan always runs so efficiently and makes it such a wonderful party. This year Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands, who had flown over earlier in the day to watch the jumping for the Aga Khan Trophy, came to the ball, as well as all the foreign teams competing in the event.



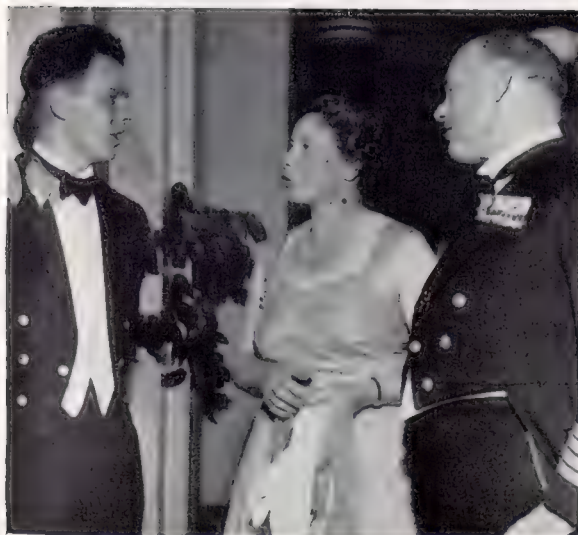
*Mr. and Mrs. Nigel Ward were chatting to Lt. R. Clarke, R.N., and Lt. Philip Brooke-Popham, R.N., on shore from their ships*

## YACHTSMEN AND THE NAVY AT CHARITY BALL

THE Cowes Charity Ball held at Northwood House was once again a great success this year under the able organization of Miss June Damant, Rear-Commodore of the Island Sailing Club. It was attended by many yachtsmen and officers from two visiting warships



*Mr. Leslie Jenkins, Mrs. Dutfield, Col. E. G. Dutfield, who owns Cr vette, a South Coast One Design, and Mrs. Jenkins*



*Sub-Lt. J. Holmes, Mrs. Powlett and Capt. P. F. Powlett, D.S.O., D.S.C., captain of H.M.S. Undine*



*Mr. Patrick Methold, Miss Judy Waite, Miss Ann Mew and Mr. Christopher Rhys-Jones sitting in the picture gallery*

*Gabor Denes*





THE ROYAL DANISH BALLET, dancing at Edinburgh this year, in a scene from the new production of *Romeo and Juliet* with music by Prokofiev, choreography by Frederick Ashton and décor by Peter Rice. Above: Mercutio (Frank Schaufuss) and Juliet's friends



OSBERT LANCASTER'S brilliant costume designs for the Glyndebourne Opera's eagerly awaited new production of *Falstaff*



Gianna D'Angelo as Rosina



Sesto Bruscantini as Figaro

## A Festival Programme to rival all Europe

GROUSE, Golf, Gullane and Games—such were some of the prewar attractions for visitors to Scotland. Music? Theatre? Opera? Ballet? . . . Salzburg and Bayreuth took care of that sort of thing, and the statue of John Knox in the courtyard of the Assembly Hall of the Church of Scotland surveyed with satisfaction the capital's silence as September followed August into the rigours of a Northern winter.

The War, the influx of foreign troops and Continental refugees, the emotional strain of the times, and the sense of material insufficiency, made the leaders of the city—for such they were in the truest sense—turn their thoughts to the spiritual needs of their community as the tide of war began to ebb. The Festival seed, planted by Rudolf Bing and Glyndebourne at this opportune moment, took root and flowered, fostered by the citizens, the public and the world press. That was nine years ago. In the meanwhile we have seen the Festival grow and develop; experience crises and surmount them.

How far has the Festival come in these years? Certainly it has established Edinburgh as the premier tourist Festival in the world. In three weeks over a quarter of a million seats are sold, and an indirect turnover of several million pounds takes place. From an artistic point of view an international platform has been created on which nearly all the great orchestras, soloists, drama and ballet companies in the world have appeared. The Glyndebourne Opera has established the Festival's operatic reputation, the great classics have received definitive performances, and a number of new works have received their world premières in our theatres and concert halls.



Juan Oncina who plays Count Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*

SCOTLAND'S own contribution to the programmes has been small, but by no means negligible, and a marked effect on the country's cultural development can hardly be expected in under two or three decades. The very size of the Festival—two plays, an opera, a ballet, two concerts and numerous other events every night, simultaneously, for three weeks—makes a detailed assessment of its achievement difficult, for almost every period and style is covered each year. But its impact on the world at large becomes more decisive. That it is now a positive factor in the





Ian Wallace as Bartolo

Cristianio Dalamangas as Basilio. These drawings from the Glyndebourne production of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* are by Morton Stanley

**IAN HUNTER**, Artistic Director of the Edinburgh Festival since its beginning, and writer of this article, is the man primarily responsible for the outstanding achievements of this unique, combined operation of the arts. At thirty-six, his exceptional gifts of organization, employed over the past nine years, has established Edinburgh as the premier tourist festival of the world

world of art—a patron whose patronage is widely sought—is beyond dispute.

Where does the Festival's future lie? Everything creative must progress, and the Festival can be no exception. Instead of bringing together the tried successes of the world's capitals, we have realized for some time the importance of the Festival acquiring a leading position in the creative sphere. Perhaps last year's Diaghilev Exhibition, and the performances of Diaghilev's ballets by the Sadler's Wells company, was one of the most significant contributions to date—creating interest in an era now brought into perspective.

The great individual art exhibitions—Rembrandt, Degas, Renoir, Cézanne, and this year Gauguin—have set a standard and a style for similar exhibitions elsewhere. Tyrone Guthrie's use of the apron stage in the Assembly Hall, first with the Scottish Morality Play, *The Thrie Estais*, followed by the Old Vic's productions of *Romeo And Juliet*, *Hamlet* and *Macbeth*, have led to Thornton Wilder writing a play *A Life In The Sun*, especially for this stage—his first new play since *The Skin Of Our Teeth* in 1942—which Guthrie will direct this year with Irene Worth in the leading rôle.

**B**UT great creative artists are few and far between. They are conceived and fostered by the demands of their times for a public—democratic, undemonstrative, with criteria formed from the hygienic perfection of gramophone records—which no longer seeks novelty in the arts.

Looking back on the nine years I have been associated with the Festival, I come to the conclusion that the success of the event in the future—and I mean artistic, not financial, success—lies in the creation and control of an intelligent, lively public which will go to Edinburgh prepared to create, confirm or break artists' reputations. Without a positive public, no efforts by the Festival Society or its Artistic Director will ever result in worthwhile programmes and whilst, for the majority of the years that have passed, the Festival has been able to prosper and expand on providing the world's public with what it wants, a crisis will have to be overcome when it tries to entice the public to take what the Festival gives.



Robert Ponsonby who is succeeding Ian Hunter next year



F. J. Goodman

MME. EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE, who will appear with her own company in *La Dame Aux Camélias* for the last week of the Festival followed by a short season in London from September 13

Angus McBean

OLIVER MESSEL has created the designs for *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, to be performed at the Festival this year. He has been responsible for the richly imaginative décor of many Glyndebourne productions



# Roundabout

**Paul Holt**



Had she forgotten it, left it at home? Was she practising against its arrival? Was she a spy?

ONCE, it was eleven years ago this week, I entered Paris from the south through the Porte D'Orléans, up the Raspail, to Montparnasse and as far as des Italiens.

It was Liberation day.

The column was led by a cross-patch warrior named General LeClerc, who stood up straight in a command car, like a visiting royalty, but would not bow to the cheering crowds.

Every time some forlorn franc tireur let off a couple of rounds from a top window or tossed a grenade into the street we would all dive for the gutter and I got so practised that I landed unerringly on some bosomy and squealing damsel. While her boy friend fired off a blunderbuss at any top window I waited there.

The bistros were shut, but we stopped every half mile or so for a cognac, and it was with regret that I drove out again to Chartres, in search of some communication with London.

Found a chap on the airfield. Said his name was Barclay. Had a Spitfire. "Fly that story of yours to Northolt if you like," he said. "Won't take an hour."

(I found out later he stole a motor bike at Northolt, hurtled to Fleet Street with the story. I've often wondered whether he was crimed or got a gong for this charitable action.)

BACK in Paris I ran into some cheerful scenes.

There was a fellow in the bar at the Scribe saying: "Left my overcoat here four years ago." Without comment the bartender handed it over.

Out in the rue St. Honoré a most charming liaison officer stopped me and asked me to a cocktail party. I had already been to three, given by anxious gents who having clearly been collaborators, now wished to be seen with the winning side.

The house was next door to the British Embassy and in the back garden we lounged on the terrace, drinking champagne cocktails while before us a fashion parade went on.

There were bursts of firing in the street outside, but it did not deter the ladies

from our pleasure. In one of the lulls a most aristocratic-looking young woman apologized to me: "You will forgive us for not wearing our hats today. But you understand, during the German occupation we had to wear such dreadful styles, all high on the head and fussy. We did not want you to think we had lost our sense of good taste."

I sincerely forgave her.

Out again I stopped at a pavement table at which sat Col. Gerard Fairlie, who writes the Bulldog Drummond books.

He looked as though he had been there all through the occupation. He probably had.

COUNTRESS CSAKY has advice for those who want to keep the contours of their face firm: "Throw back the



"Not more than three times"

head, then with the lower lip try to touch your nose. Do this three times only. Then say 'Ex!' with great emphasis, meanwhile stretching the mouth as wide as a Cheshire cat's. Then say 'You!' with equal emphasis, pushing the lips forward as far as possible."

Ex who? Ex-husband?

★ ★ ★

WALKING in the grounds of Holland House I saw the sweetly common sight of a young matron pushing a pram. Hereabouts is the great breeding ground of the London professional classes; young solicitors in their fathers' firms, young brokers, ditto, rising engineers, chemists and politicians first take their brides to St. Columba's, Pont Street, or Brompton, then bring them straight to Kensington.

This young matron wore a print frock and a cross expression. Attached to the pram by its lead was a grumpy cairn and amidships the pram a string of those bright celluloid balls that always remind me of the shooting gallery at a country fair.

She settled in a deckchair and opened a woman's magazine and as I passed I bent to look in the pram.

There was no baby there!

Three possibilities occur to me:

1. She had forgotten it; left it at home.
2. She was practising against its arrival.
3. The place swarms with embassies, legations. She was a spy, waiting to give or receive details of the latest fashion in satellites. Probably to receive, since Gopodin Khrushchev has decided that it is better to give than to receive.

But it still worries me and keeps me awake at night.

★ ★ ★

HORSE coping is an art. But I wonder whether it is on the wane. Consider the following:

SPANKER

The Property of O . . . D . . .



A strong, staunch, steady, sound, stout, safe, sinewy, serviceable, strapping, supple, swift, smart, sightly, sprightly, spirited, sturdy, shining, sure-footed, sleek, smooth, spunky, well-skinned, sized and shaped sorrel steed of superlative symmetry, styled Spanker.

With small star and snip, square-sided, slender shouldered, sharp sighted and steps singularly stately. Free from strain, sprain, spavin, spasm, stringhalt, sciatica, staggers, strangles, seeling sellander, surfeit, seams, strumous-swellings, sorrances, scratches, splint, squint, scurf, sores, scattering, shuffling, shambling-gate or symptoms [*sic*] of sickness of any sort.

He is neither stiff-mouthed, sinew-shrunk, spur-galled, saddle-backed, shell-toothed, slim-gutted, surbated, skin-scabbed, short winded, splay-footed or shoulder-slipped; and is sound in the sword-point and stifle-joint. Has neither sick-spleen, sleeping-evil, set-fast, snaggle-teeth, sand-crack, subcutaneous sores or shattered hoofs; nor is he sulky, surly, stubborn or sullen in temper; neither shy, nor skittish, slow, sluggish or stupid.

He never slips, strips, strays, stalks, starts, stops, shakes, snivels, snuffles, snorts, stumbles or stocks, in his stall or stable, and scarcely or seldom sweats. Has a show stylish switch-tail, or stern, and a safe set of shoes on; can feed on stubble, sainfoin, sheaf-oats, straw, sedge or Scotch grass.

Carries sixteen stone with surprising speed in his stroke over a six foot sod or stone wall. His sire was the sly Sobersides, on a sister of Spindle-shanks, by Sampson, a sporting son of Sparkler, who won the sweepstakes and subscription plate last season at Sligo.

His selling price sixty seven pounds, sixteen shillings and sixpence, sterling.

This was issued as a handbill in the Manchester area in 1829, and may be found in *Hone's Year Book*, 1838.

★ ★ ★

I HAD a note from a young dancer. As a baby she was sneaked out of Soviet Russia and has since lived in Cairo, Paris, lately in London. Always she went in fear that if she went too close to the Soviet Embassy she might be snatched back to the motherland again.

She wrote.

"My first (British) passport will be ready in three days. I feel as a whole personality now, instead of splits, a little bit everywhere. A passport is of big importance, it confirms your right to live. . . ."

If you read again the first page (my first one began—We, Sir John Allsebrook Simon . . .) you'll see what the little girl means.



THORNTON WILDER, the distinguished American playwright, is the author of the play to be performed at the Church of Scotland Assembly Hall during the Edinburgh Festival. The title is *A Life In The Sun* and the subject is Mr. Wilder's personal adaptation of the *Alcestis* legend. Thornton Wilder, whose original and startling *The Skin Of Our Teeth*, packed the Phoenix Theatre in 1945, visited the Assembly Hall in Edinburgh last year and was inspired with the idea to write a play for it. *A Life In The Sun* has been commissioned by the Edinburgh Festival and will be performed on a specially built-in apron stage. The leading part will be taken by the American actress Irene Worth and the production is by Tyrone Guthrie.





SOUTH-WESTERN DRESSAGE CHAMPIONSHIPS AT BLANDFORD FORUM. Captain and Mrs. Seaton Stedman, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Johnson, Miss Jennifer Johnson and Miss R. Greville Williams watching the championships. Miss Greville Williams won the open jumping on Eveon

Victor Yorke

## At the Races

### RIDING FROM THE GRANDSTAND

"WAITING out of your ground," or, in other words, giving anything too big a start, is always apt to be a bit risky, because of the difficulty of closing that awkward gap at the right pace. Those who do it too quickly are pretty certain to make it develop into an even bigger gap; and those who do it too slowly, in the always dangerous belief that he is "bound to come back," lose the contest just the same! It is axiomatic that always the wisest course is to lie up within striking distance, as the phrase goes, because in a stern chase it is difficult to judge exactly how well or otherwise the opposition is travelling. Failure to get this information is just as bad as committing that elementary and fatal fault of despising the enemy. It is always better to believe that he is a bit more capable than you think. If he is kind enough (or stupid enough) to let you range up alongside and take a feeler that is marvellous. Usually he is not so obliging, and the moment he sees, hears or feels you coming he will do exactly what you do not want him or expect him to do.

FEW people thought that the sturdy Springboks were as dangerous as they have proved to be, and believed that they could be held even by a team that was obviously not as hefty as the one that kept those Ashes. We know better now, and fully realize that these Capers can both gallop and stay,

WE have had a recent example of a jockey being blamed—and quite unjustly as I think—of declining to lie out of his ground and getting beaten by the unexpected. It is not the first time by a good many hundreds that this has happened, and it is certain to happen many times again. In this case the jockey on the favourite declined, and quite rightly, to let something that was certainly in the race with a chance increase a long lead of between twenty and thirty lengths, and took the appropriate and customary precautions against it. All at once he found that that danger was not as bad as it looked, and that the leader had in fact shot his bolt. It was then that The Unexpected arrived and a not greatly fancied one came from behind, full of running, and went on to win with its ears cocked and its jockey so unconcerned about the result as to find time to pat it on its neck as it

passed the then beaten favourite. Where was there anything wrong there, or any culpable disobedience of orders? If the jockey on the favourite had neglected to close that gap and the leader had slipped him, his name would have been even more "mud" than it actually was, and he would have been guilty of an elementary error.

I SUPPOSE most people who go racing have heard the yarn about Fred Archer and that forceful personality, the Duchess of Montrose? She asked him why he had not come away when he was told to. Archer's reply was, "Because, Your Grace, I could not come without the horse." It is so easy to ride a race from the Grandstand, but not so easy to ride it in the saddle. In other words things can be worked out to many places of decimals where strategy is concerned, but a wide discretion must be allowed to the chap in actual touch! Hence that word of Latin descent, "tactics"! The other one of Greek descent has to do with leading people to the most convenient spot from which to knock the enemy's head off or otherwise incommode him. Generals, i.e. trainers, have to do with strategy; the chap in actual touch, the jockey, with the other thing. The parallel I think is pretty exact.

Writing from Montana, Mr. Edmund Randolph, a note upon whose interesting book *Don't Fence Them In* recently appeared in this page, has written me an explanatory letter about some of the expressions which he used. He says "Your review asks, 'but how do you wrangle a horse, and what are horse wranglers?' Of course the verb 'to wrangle' in this sense does not exist except as a localism, strictly confined to our Western cattle country." The old time cattle outfit, he says, roamed the ranges with a great many horses called a "cavvy" a corruption, so he tells me, of the French word *cheval*.

—SABRETACHE







*Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, who had a large party of friends staying with her for the Horse Show, at her home, Coollattin, Co. Wicklow*

## THE MEATH HAS A DUBLIN BALL

Followers of the Meath Hounds and their friends had a very enjoyable evening when the Meath held their hunt ball during Dublin Show Week. The guests included many people who were staying in Irish house parties for the Horse Show

*Sir Alfred Beit, Bt., and the Viscountess de Harcourt, who was a member of his house party during the Dublin show week*

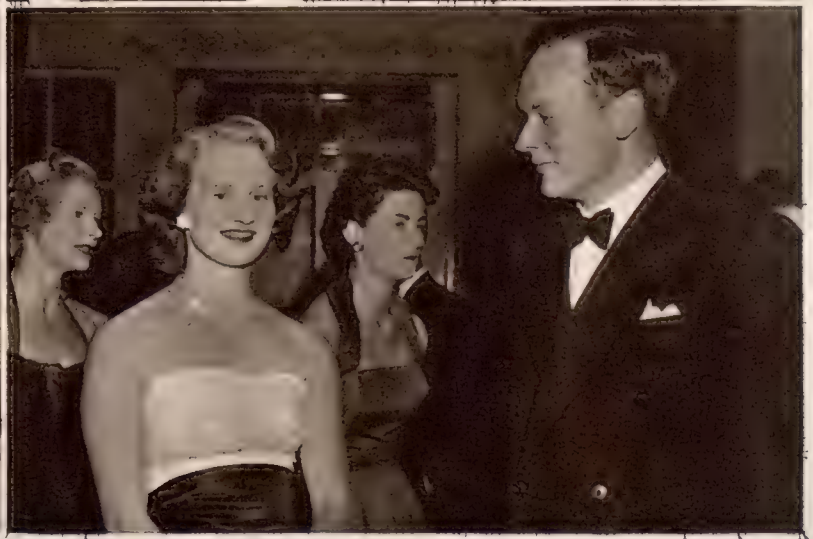


*Baron de Cabrol, from France, dancing with Lady Beit, wife of Sir Alfred Beit, Bt., of Blessington, Co. Wicklow*

*Mr. Nicholas Tale, Miss Gillyane Scoones and Miss Angela Fane were London visitors staying over in Dublin*



*The Hon. Bruce Ogilvy, who organised the ball, was chatting to Capt. and Mrs. Alastair Stewart during the evening*



*Miss Grania Bevan, Miss Frances Boylan and the Earl of Bective, who is the son and heir of the Marquess of Headfort*

*Charles C. Fennell*

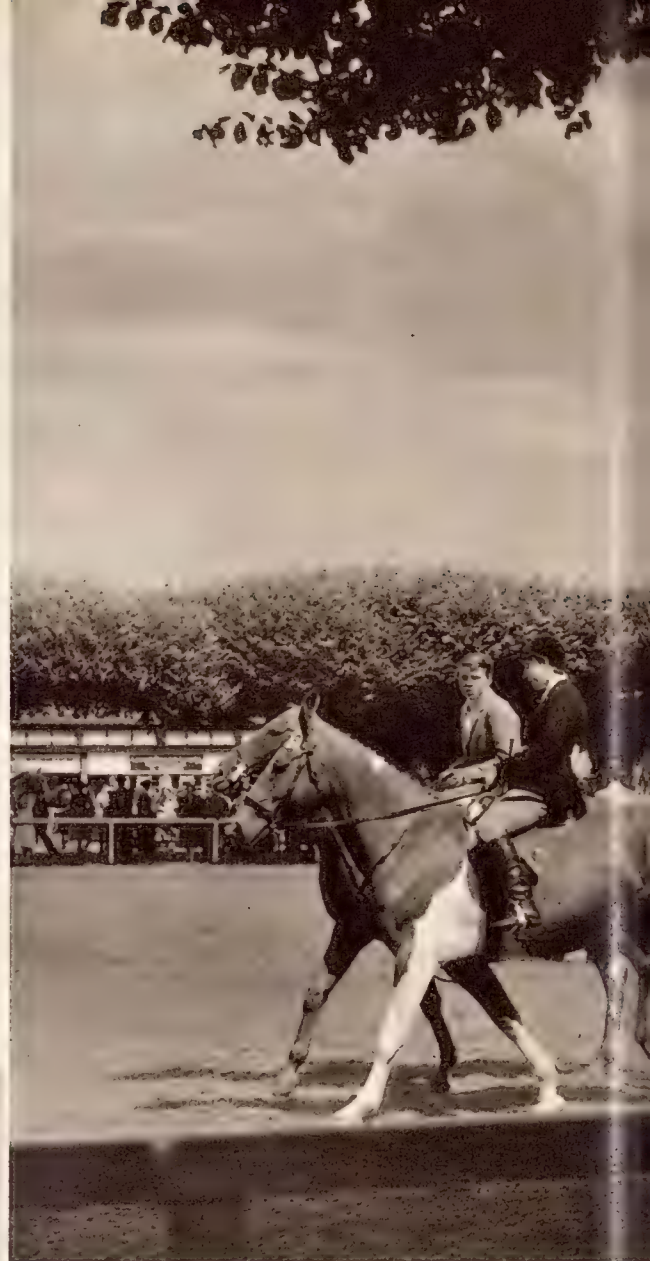




*Capt. Kevin Barry, of the Irish Army Jumping team, riding Ballyneety, receives the trophy of a hunting horn from Gen. S. McKeown*

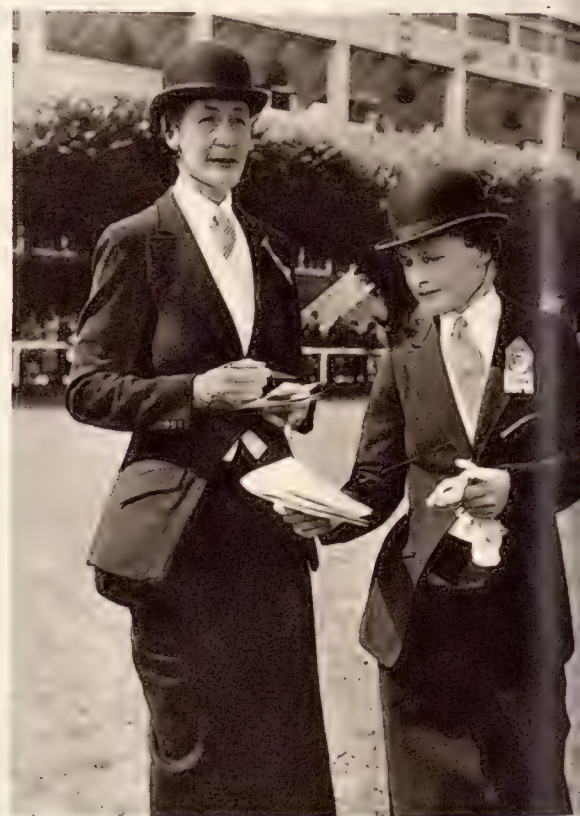
## A PANORAMA OF THE DUBLIN SHOW

The Dublin Show at Ballsbridge had a strong entry in all classes. Once again the champion hunter of the Show was in the light-weight class—Judge Wylie's seven-year-old brown gelding Frigerificio, while Italy carried off the coveted Aga Khan Cup, with Britain in second place this year. Right: Polo ponies in the ring



*Above: Miss Iris Kellett, the noted Irish woman rider, taking Short Lessons over one of the fences for a faultless round*

*Below: Captain Douglas Wijkander, of the Swedish jumping team, Mrs. Peter Diggle and Miss Una Reddy*



*The Hon. Mrs. Baird, O.B.E., from Chadlington, Oxfordshire, and Lady Hardy, from Northampton, judges of the Ladies' Hunters*





Charles C. Fennell



Mrs. Lennox Cotton, wife of Cdr. Cotton, from Belfast, and her daughter Caroline, who was riding in her first Dublin Show



Mr. H. Montgomery, Miss G. Scoones and Miss P. Burness. Below: Lady Carew and daughter, the Hon. D. Conolly-Carew



Mrs. Andrew Levins Moore, the owner, and Mrs. Gerald Sweetman, who are both followers of the Kildare Hunt



Lady Perdita Blackwood, sister of the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava, and her aunt, Lady Veronica Hussey





## THE SISTERS "MOTLEY"

Margaret and Sophia Harris, the sisters who make up the famous team of stage designers known under the sobriquet of "Motley." Sophia Harris is the wife of George Devine, the producer of *King Lear*. With them in this picture are their designs for the current production of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at Stratford this season



Angus McBean

At the Theatre

Anthony Cookman

# THE TRAVESTY OF LEAR

THERE are occasions when much-respected minds behind the footlights work in a way utterly beyond the comprehension of the plain man in the audience. The Stratford revival of *King Lear* at the Palace Theatre brings us to such an occasion. It shows, so far as the plain man can make out, two immensely distinguished Shakespearians, Sir John Gielgud and Mr. George Devine, solemnly conspiring to go haywire.

A programme informs the highly expectant audience that the object of Mr. Devine's production is to free a work of sublime imagination from all particular historical or decorative associations. One way of achieving this grandiose end would be to present the play on a bare stage with the simplest possible costumes. An even better way, perhaps, would be to contrive a convenient setting which would appear to us as quite the usual thing. *Lear* is not a tragedy that can be exhibited in terms of line and colour. In the theatre it has to be acted, and really all that the actor has to help him are the words—words, though, that are a marvellous interpretation of high, tragic imagination, piercing pathos and humour almost as moving as the pathos.

ALL that matters in the setting, whether it happens to be simplified or conventionalised, is that it should not distract us from the words and the acting. It must be free, as the programme note puts it, from all particular historical or decorative associations. How does Mr. Devine set about to arrange this ideal freedom? He engages the well-known Japanese sculptor, Mr. Isamu Noguchi, to design scenery and costumes which would be found vaguely suitable to any of his native Nō dramas.

Tall, broad screens surprise us by suddenly

revolving to expose a surface of another colour, or they begin to toddle about the stage on their wheels, or they drop portentously from the flies. As a mechanical spectacle this soon loses its charm, but it remains from first to last distracting, maddeningly so. The costumes are no less distracting. They turn their wearers into Martians, mysteriously armoured in webs of rope. Most of the male faces in the cast are framed in circlets of stiff hair, so that the wrinkles on them appear like the rays in so many rudimentary sketches of the rising sun. Sir John Gielgud's features jut out in

a sea of flowing white hair, like a cockleshell of a boat that is breaking up in the surf. Regan and Goneril appear as sinister geishas from the teahouse of the August moon.

IF Mr. Devine imagines that this kind of exoticism would leave the audience free to perceive the "timelessness" of the tragedy, it can only be said that he has given us credit for a different kind of imagination that we actually possess. And how does Sir John Gielgud, finding himself involved in this spaceman fantasy, react? Quite dismayingly. He—the most poetic and one of the most satisfying of modern Lears—throws to the wind all the vital teachings of Granville-Barker, his former idol, and goes lamentably back to the beginning of the nineteenth century. Glimpses of the intellectual and moral grandeur of this man are few, for the poetry that should carry this grandeur comes from the actor only in gasps. He, of all actors, breaks the poetry up into fragments of prose and spends his energies in acting a dotard all corporal infirmities and weaknesses. It is not too much to say that this greater actor for once loses himself in the tangles of his ludicrous beard.



CLAIRE BLOOM, who plays the tragic Cordelia, youngest of the three daughters to Sir John Gielgud's *King Lear*

TWO good performances stand out against the general confusion. Mr. Anthony Nicholls, whose Leonato in *Much Ado About Nothing* impressed me favourably, again impresses as Kent, and Mr. Richard Easton, as Gloucester's legitimate son, contributes an admirable poor Tom to the storm scene. Miss Claire Bloom is Cordelia, and Miss Moira Lister and Miss Helen Cherry are Regan and Goneril, but all three would probably show to better advantage in a production which did not happen to be a nineteenth-century travesty of *King Lear*.





# LATIN-AMERICAN RHYTHM FROM RIO DE JANEIRO

BRAZILIANA, which opened at the Piccadilly Theatre on August 9th, is an all-coloured ballet musical from Rio de Janeiro. It has all the rhythmic liveliness, energy and zest of this rhumba-loving people, and was the first professional production ever to be staged in Rio with an all-Brazilian cast. The company has successfully toured S. America, the Continent, the Scandinavian countries and Finland, and is in London for a four-week season.

## London Limelight

## Full of sound and fury . . .

THE ancient Greek invocation "Duc-dame" may be heard by the hardy at the Arts, where *Waiting for Godot* is the attraction. The scene is a refuse dump occupied by two garrulous tramps with incontinent habits. They symbolise, one supposes, Humanity, waiting for someone called Godot, who may be Divinity itself but, from the conversational standard, is more likely to turn out to be Billy Graham.

In the course of two hours they encounter a pompous plutocrat with an idiot manservant from the cartoons of *Pravda*, and a small boy direct from any Victorian oleograph. Around these figures surged a current of such dull and meaningless verbosity that one was lost in respect for four actors who could perform these prodigies

of memory. The lesson presumably is that Life is like that, but this carries with it a corollary. An imitation Picasso is most likely to be an indifferent painting, and an evening spent with an undisciplined disciple of James Joyce has all the fascination of session with an inebriated martyr to borborigmi.

ARTHUR BLAKE, the American impressionist, is doing a one-man revue at the Duchess under the title *See the Stars*. He is a plump young man with a penchant for the *passé* who specialises in



ARTHUR BLAKE, the American impressionist as Louella Parsons and James Stewart. A one-man revue at the Duchess Theatre

female mimicry. Whilst his strongest appeal is to those who like plump female impersonators, the rest of us, impressed by zeal coupled with a modicum of talent, will regret that this cabaret turn had to be filled out to last for a full evening. The effect is to spread the ham far too thin.

THE best theatre news of the season for Londoners is that Edwige Feuillere is to do a very short season, from September 13th, at the Duke of Yorks. She will appear in *La Dame aux Camélias* with the same company that is to be seen in the Edinburgh Festival.

She was last in town at the St. James's in *Partage du Midi*, with Jean-Louis Barrault, a meandering dissertation on Life, Love, Philosophy and I-know-I'm-talking-above-your-head, which reminded me strongly of Tchaikowski at his windiest. Despite this, her performance was unforgettable, for few who have seen her would deny the claim that she is the greatest of living actresses. In a thundering old classic like *La Dame* she could probably win respect from Siddons herself.

—Youngman Carter



## At the Pictures

## HISTORY IS MADE IN FIGHTS



REPRESENTING BRITAIN at the Venice Film Festival this year are (above) Janette Scott, (below) Vernon Gray, young stars of *Now and Forever*, and French-born Yvonne Furneaux, who has been in Rome making *Le Amici*



It's summertime and the holiday spirit is abroad and everybody feels relaxed and benign—at least, I hope so, because I'm going to make a confession at which you might well raise an eyebrow were you not in the most amiable of moods.

Until I saw *The Last Command*, I had always imagined that the Alamo was a river—and as it sounds so much prettier than the Wabash, about the banks of which, far away, gentlemen who have scarcely been farther west than Piccadilly Circus croon yearningly, I wondered why the song-writers had left it alone. Surely it would lend itself admirably to one of those throbbing little pangs-of-misprized-love numbers that bring the fans' yelping to their feet and the verge of hysteria:

Drifting down the Alamo  
When the sun was sinking low  
In the Texan sky,  
There I met the gal called Flo,  
With cherry lips and skin like  
snow,  
And she gave me the eye.  
She led me on then bade me go.  
I dunked her in the Alamo—  
And so we said good-bye.  
I dream about the Alamo  
And when I think of cruel Flo,  
Like Johnnie Ray, I cry.

You know the sort of thing:

I now learn, to my horror and mortification, that I was utterly wrong about the Alamo: it was never a river—it was a blood-bath. A gap in my education having been repaired, I hasten to pass on the knowledge I have gleaned.

TEXAS, in the early 1830's, was still under the political domination of Mexico, which did not suit the citizens of the Lone Star State one bit. Some of the more hotheaded of them were for armed rebellion and they were terribly annoyed with a sober character, Jim (The Knife) Bowie (Mr. Sterling Hayden), who advised against it. You see, he had a wife and children and large property interests in Mexico and was quite a buddy of the Mexican President, General Santa Anna (Mr. J. Carrol Naish), so he was suspected of disloyalty. The thought of this made a Texan by the name of Mike Radin (Mr. Ernest Borgnine) so hopping mad, he tried to kill Bowie—vainly, of course, or Mr. Hayden, the star of the picture, wouldn't have been playing that part.

Bowie went to Mexico and was shattered to find that his wife and children had died of the plague. He was also rather upset when his chum General Santa Anna, whose declared ambition it was "to be a gracious page in history," made it clear that he would stand for no nonsense from the Texans. For some years, after moodily burning down his Mexican estancia, Bowie rode around—thinking. He eventually arrived at the conclusion that force of arms was a good thing and when the rebellion in Texas flared up, he joined the rebels.

In 1836, when Santa Anna marched his army into Texas, Bowie and fewer than 200 other patriots made a heroic stand against him at the Alamo—a ruined Franciscan mission converted into a fortress. Out-numbered thirty to one, they were wiped out to a man—but they had delayed the enemy in his progress north, so their defeat is recorded as a victory.

MR. HERBERT J. YATES, who presents *The Last Command*, rather immodestly describes his film as "the greatest screen spectacle of all time." I will go so far as to say that the battle sequences are brilliantly directed—by, I imagine, Mr. Frank Lloyd, who is billed as Associate Producer-Director—and that I quaked with terror when the blood-curdling call "No quarter" rang out from the Mexican bugles.

Mr. Hayden is stringily convincing as Bowie, Mr. Naish plays Santa Anna with a fine, flamboyant arrogance—and Miss Anna Maria Alberghetti, whose sweet soprano voice you may remember from *The Medium*, has no chance to sing, but is around to provide a pallid love-interest. Rather a waste, I thought. Any milk-and-arrowroot miss could have done it just as dimly.



Tommy Trinder is on top of his form in the new comedy, *You Lucky People*

"THE BAREFOOT BATTALION" tells, with moving simplicity, a story of the young Greek boys, some mere children, who, during the German occupation of their country, banded together to rob the Nazis and the black marketeers—and, with a generosity born of adversity, shared their loot with their starving neighbours. The film is not very expertly made but it has the poignancy of truth.

MR. TOMMY TRINDER makes a notable screen come-back in *You Lucky People*—an innocent and jolly little farcical comedy devised and directed by Mr. Maurice Elvey. He plays an amiable super-spiv who, after leaving the Army, has made a couple of millions out of dealing in scrap-iron and therefore feels he can take his military duties lightly when called up among the Z-men. There is, of course, a sergeant-major to correct this attitude.

Mr. Trinder has acquired ease and poise: he no longer mugs, he acts. This is easily the best thing he has done since, in far off days, *The Foreman Went to France*.

The film is in Camerascope—which is the same as CinemaScope, only black and white. Pretty Miss Mary Parker and droll Miss Dora Bryan are a lively couple of W.R.A.C.s—and here and there one glimpses the formidable figure of R.S.M. "Tibby" Brittain—now, I understand, retired. He should be bought for the nation.

—Elsbeth Grant





THE LAST COMMAND has as its leading character, Jim Bowie (Sterling Hayden), the almost legendary American figure, famous for the knife that bears his name. The story deals with the revolt of the Texans against tyrannous Mexican rule, during the early 1830's, and has as its climax the historic siege of Alamo, from which the above photograph is taken. The film is in Trucolour.

## Television

### SOME FRESH FIELDS

IT seems inevitable that TV programmes should be tried out on the public. This week we get a double dose of fumbling to find a new formula for Gilbert Harding. Mr. Harding in "What's My Line" achieved nation-wide popularity by a process akin to spontaneous combustion. Since the panel-game was lost but the star signed, the B.B.C. is looking for a way to strike the spark afresh.

Hence, on Friday the last of "Harding Finds Out." I thought this an agreeable programme. But it did not catch on, presumably because it failed to provide Mr. Harding with the positive role expected of him.

TUESDAY'S "Who Said That?" is still in the try-out stage, though it may soon be settling down for better or worse. It could easily be better. A quotation quiz could be the literary, or at least the literate, equivalent of archæology's "Animal, Vegetable and Mineral." The panel is promising. Either John Betjeman or Robert Henriques, who replaced him, is a match for Mr. Harding. Nancy Spain made a valiant effort to defeat the self-consciousness from which TV and British films suffer in presenting women. Joanna Kilmartin only needs to talk more to be a graduate Patricia Cutts. The disappointment of this programme so far is, surprisingly, in the limpness of Alan Melville's chairmanship, and in a standard of quotation, neither literary nor topical, so that the panel may be forgiven for seeming more interested in their own conversation.

—Freda Bruce Lockhart

## The Gramophone

### STAR QUALITY



PRESENTING Virginia Somers, the girl from Wyoming, who, at the age of four, began training seriously to become a concert pianist. When she was ten she took up the violin and later added singing lessons to her studies.

As relaxation she rode, and she became so expert a horsewoman that she earned her first real salary as a trick rider in rodeo shows.

It was, however, Lawrence Tibbett, a close friend of her family, who persuaded her to concentrate on singing and allow her other musical talents to take a secondary place. Television contracts, cabaret and stage appearances all served to introduce her to the great American public, and she was enjoying the first raptures of success when she lost her voice. Hearing that the best medical treatment she could receive for her complaint was to be obtained in London, she came to England, and it was here that her voice was rebuilt.

ONCE able to sing again she played cabaret at The Berkeley, Colony and Astor, and followed on with appearances in Sweden, Italy, Germany, Belgium, Holland and Spain.

Returning to England she met and married former racing motorist Reg Owen, who is one of Britain's top musical arrangers and directors. She then signed an exclusive recording contract with Decca. On her workmanlike and stylish L.P. Virginia Somers presents four Cole Porter songs, three Rodgers numbers and opens with "The Begat." (Decca LF. 1213.)

—Robert Tredinnick





## A CLOUDLESS WEEK AT COWES

The glorious weather at Cowes this year proved on occasion to be a mixed blessing for yachtsmen, who, on some days, had to contend with total calm or exceptionally light and changeable breezes. Above: Marabu (Coastal Forces Sailing Club) with Cdr. Sam Brooks in command, which was first in the big handicap classes on August 3, and in the New York Yacht Club Cup



Above: Mr. Hugh Ford, Mr. C. Wainwright, Mrs. G. Quill and Mr. Ian Carmichael in Maiden Light



Below: Mr. C. de Selincourt, Lt.-Cdr. R. L. Hewitt, Mrs. M. de Selincourt and Mr. John Hunter-Gray

Above: Mr. N. Moore, Captain of the Swallow class, with Miss J. Fairtlough and Mr. J. Christen

Below: The Hon. Mrs. J. Rodney, Mrs. B. Kerr, and the Hon. Mrs. P. de Laszlo with her children



Miss J. Lucas, Cdr. Anna Landon



Mrs. Aileen Wall were on board his



Mrs. Vernon Strath had been racing

Right  
and  
which  
team





I. Landon and Miss  
turning from racing



Capt. Hugh Ford, who  
on cutter Maiden Light



and Mr. P. Freeman  
Swallow class yacht

The Six-Metre Thistle, owned  
ed by Mrs. Deborah Dreyfus,  
as been included in the British  
the British-American Cup races





Standing By . . .

## GAS IN LILAC-TIME

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**R**ADIO-ARRANGEMENTS celebrating the centenary of the Bunsen Burner—see the current Science Museum exhibition—are hanging fire, a spy tells us, because the BBC boys can't for the life of them think up the romance-angle for a TV musical.

The angle seems absurdly obvious. The basic theme is Spring in Old Heidelberg. Brooding in his laboratory one May morning, Bunsen is accosted by a gay crowd of students, officers, biologists, beer-garden girls, guests at the Schloss, flowergirls, villagers, lab. attendants, dustmen, street-hostesses, vineyard cleaners, etc., singing a chorus called *Spring Is Here With Youth And Joy*, which expresses the view that only a No. 1 dope would hide from love in a stinking old lab. Bunsen sings back apologetically that he has promised the Director of Chemical Research to stick around. A scornful blonde then sings that Love has passed Bunsen by. To this Bunsen, stung to the quick, replies with a passionate aria describing his new symbolic invention, inspired by the Only Girl, he himself being too shy to declare his flame. An ensemble called *Gas In My Heart For You* follows, and they carry Bunsen off shoulder-high, crying "Hoch! Hoch!" and "Vivat!"

Need we add that the big duet in Act II, when Bunsen lights the Burner at length to show the future Frau Bunsen what he is getting at, is called *Flame of Love*? You guessed? Boo!

## Giftie

**G**IVE his Excellency fifty lakhs of gold rupees and a hundred or so Kashmiri dancing-girls!"—such was the familiar cry of Oriental potentates speeding some visiting 18th-century nabob, and we guess there was often as much furious indignation at Dover in due course as there was at London Airport not long ago, when a group of British special correspondents refused to pay £8 duty apiece on gold wrist-watches given them by King Saud of Saudi Arabia.

The watches were impounded by the Customs. So, presumably, in most cases, were the dancing-girls, of whom we rarely hear in connection with the private life of the most scandalous of retired Anglo-Indian nabobs. One sees the poor dusky sweets performing melancholy evolutions in a Customs outhouse and chanting "Hai! Hai!" in dispirited fashion. At the end of the year they'd be sold by auction to the men of Kent. ("Lot 29: 1 clod crusher, 6 hay rakes, 2 four-speen spuds, 1 pitch prong, 5 dancing diddicoys, good condition.") This would explain the great burning passionate eyes of the local sweethearts to-day and the way they waggle their hips, known as the Kentish Roll.

You say any sensible 18th-century nabob would dispose of his troop of dancing-girls for cash at Bombay on the eve of embarkation. You overlook the haughty temper of the boys, much inflamed by curry and chota-pegs, and their love of luxurious pomp.

If you see anybody riding in a gold palanquin nowadays, incidentally, it's probably the Governor of the Bank of England. Tossing out little or no largesse, at that.

## Watery

**D**URING a late Press controversy over the British Transport Commission's attitude to redundant canals (a pretty lousy one, a tall, indignant girl was telling us) many canal-lovers must have recalled an expensive Hollywood film some time ago about the Suez Canal, featuring the eminent French engineer Ferdinand de Lesseps, a blonde, a camel or two, palm trees, machinery, and so forth.

A revival might now be topical. So far as we remember, the film has no very strong dramatic interest. This could be supplied by a mysterious little man in a bowler hat dodging among the palms. One moonlit night by the half-completed Canal, as the blonde is swooning in De Lesseps' arms, he steps forward, raising his bowler, and says "Pardon me." Scene proceeds:

BLONDE (shuddering): Disraeli! Mong Dew.  
DE LESSEPS (frigidly): Well, Mussewer?

The Little Man replaces his bowler and addresses De Lesseps with simple candour.

L. M.: My name is J. Thornycroft Bilberry. As a member of the Land Drainage Legislation Sub-Committee of the Central Advisory Water Committee I say this canal must stop.

DE LESSEPS (laughing sardonically): My canal! Mar fooah, this is good! And why, Mussewer, may I ask?

L. M.: It is uneconomic. Good-evening. (Raises bowler, retires.)

Everyone assumes Bilberry is a British Government nark. Actually he is moved by nothing but a genuine and selfless love of waterways and a longing to see them established on a sound financial basis. After escaping a thousand perils he is knifed, on the night Disraeli takes up the Canal shares, by a ruined City banker's mopsy mistaking him for Baron de Rothschild. (U.)



BRIGGS~~~~~by GRAHAM





Left: Linda Martineau swims to victory.  
Above: Viscount Anson, the Hon. E. Anson  
and C. Holdsworth-Hunt. Below: Edward  
Bellord supports David Shepley-Cuthbert

## A GUARDS' BOAT CLUB GALA

The annual regatta given for children of members of the Guards' Boat Club, at Maidenhead, was enjoyed by guests from the ages of sixteen downwards

*Mrs. C. I. H. Dunbar, wife of Brig. Dunbar, presents a medal to C. Longmore, watched by Sir John Child*



Desmond O'Neill

Gail and Serena Heselline and Emily Wroth were cooling their feet while watching the competitions





Priscilla of Paris

# HOLIDAY IN BRITTANY



"It is heart-warming," I remarked, "to see how people rush to get the news of the Conference. Their eagerness gives the lie to those critics who aver that the French are not interested in politics." I was driving, with friends, through the prim little Vendean village of Challans; we were on our way to the Sables d'Olonne. The Paris newspapers had just arrived and a crowd milled round the newsboy, whose bare, sunburned torso and tattered shorts were hardly in keeping with the grandeur of the gold-braided cap that advertised a popular evening paper.

"Don't be so naïve!" replied the man of the party, "What do they care about the Conference? They are simply reading about the immense advertisement racket known as the *Tour de France cycliste*!" He was right! As we slowly drove down the cobble-stoned main street we could see the headlines that were being so eagerly scanned. Men and boys stood about, arms extended, gloating over the double-spread of pictures on the

sports pages. One could hardly confuse the background of Toulouse with that of Geneva, and even if Sir Anthony Eden had been riding a bicycle on the shores of Lake Lemane no one could have taken him for Louison Bobet. Nevertheless, with all deference to the cynic of the party, I incline to think that if news from Geneva had shown less optimism from the start, the holiday crowds would have been less dense and less light-hearted.

WE did not stay long at the Sables d'Olonne, that pleasant family resort, with its endless kilometres of sand for beach games and castle-building. It was a torrid day and we were irresistibly reminded of Pierre Macaigne's gag about the sea-birds on the dunes laying hard-boiled eggs!

The fisher-women of les Sables are charming to the eye! They wear the tall lace *coiffe*, the white, balloon-sleeved, muslin blouse and the gay silk apron over an extremely short, black, kilted skirt that comprises one of the prettiest local costumes

of southern Brittany. We wondered whether all the pretty legs of France come from this province and, if so, whether the dress was designed to display them or whether it is wishful thinking that, in time, has brought perfection of shape to suit the costume!

At a picturesque little publet, looking on to the harbour, we met a party of *Tout-Paris-ianites* who had just come down from Deauville, where the unveiling of a new statue of the Duc de Morny had taken place (amongst other and perhaps gayer activities) over the week-end. "A stone statue!" remarked Marcel Idzkowski, "stone," he emphasised, "as being more lasting!" We smiled somewhat grimly at this sally. During the Occupation, the occupants melted down the bronze effigy that had been erected in the 1860's to the memory of the founder of Deauville. Whether stone is more lasting than bronze remains to be seen. If atomic arms are abolished—Oh, gladness and celebrations!—the next world war may see us breaking up our statues and using catapults.

One member of the luncheon party was a famous gastronomist. Not the *Prince des Gastronomes* himself—Curnonsky rarely leaves Paris—but one of his satellites. Judging by the interest shown, and the huddle he went into with the proprietor of the publet I foresee that by the time this reaches print the prices will have gone up and finger-bowls will be in use, but I doubt whether the cuisine can be improved!

THERE is talk about a new cabaret that will be opened in Paris towards the beginning of October. Borah Minnévitch—the harmonica player who died so tragically some little time ago—had always wished to own a cosy tavern ("there is a tavern in the town . . . in the town . . .") where he could entertain his many friends. A year or so ago he bought an old café in the picturesque Ile St. Louis, at the corner of the rue des Deux-Ponts and the quai Bourbon. He had the place done up, and in doing so the workmen discovered, under the present building, several cellars and passages that appear to be the foundations of some thirteenth-century houses.

Since Minnévitch and his company of harmonica players were known to all the world, the *Franc-Pinot*—as the place will be named—is not likely to lack custom. At this moment, however, we are glad that Paris and October still seem so far away!

## Côte diamantée . . .

● It was the late Tristan Bernard, whose *bons mots* were the joy of the *Bar du Soleil*, of which he was a confirmed *habitué*, who said: "Such a pleasant place, Deauville, so close to Paris and so far from the sea!"



FILM STARS RIDING THROUGH PARIS: Gina Lollobrigida, Tony Curtis (left) and Burt Lancaster (the men being suitably attired in tights), three of the leading stars of the new film *Trapeze*, ride through Paris in part of a giant parade organised to advertise the film





*Col. the Hon. Sir Maurice Drummond, K.B.E., C.M.G., D.S.O., was talking to the Countess of Mansfield*

*Below: Mr. R. A. Walter, Countess Cadogan, Viscount Chelsea, Lady Sarah Cadogan and Mr. Wolfe Murray*

THE BLACK WATCH held their annual garden party at Doo'cot, Perth, in fine sunshine. Nearly 500 guests attended this enjoyable occasion, where the traditional cricket match between the Black Watch and the Argylls was a feature of the afternoon. Above: The host and hostess, Major A. D. H. Irwin, C.O. The Black Watch Depot, and Mrs. Irwin



*Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Miller were two of the guests at the garden party. H.M. the Queen Mother is Colonel-in-Chief of this famous regiment*

*Mrs. Heriot Maitland, Miss Veronica Maitland - Makgill - Crichton, Mrs. Gardener Whitman, Mrs. Maitland-Makgill-Crichton and Lady Rollo*



COMMANDO CLIMBER, by Mike Banks, Captain Royal Marines (Dent ; 18s.), with a foreword by Brig. Sir John Hunt, C.B.E., D.S.O., tells of a striking new aspect of mountaineering. The illustration from the book is the summit of the Finsteraarhorn

## Book Reviews

by

Elizabeth

Bowen

# CONQUEROR OF THE INFIDELS

THE GRAND CAPTAIN, by Gerald de Gaury (Longmans ; 18s.), pictures one of the greatest generals the world has known—though of those, it may be, the least known to us. True, the nineteenth century was to open up fresh fields for military genius : Napoleon initiated the epoch which culminated in global war. Yet Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba, born in 1453, *el Gran Capitan*, subject of this biography, stood also on the threshold of a new age. He is, in vision and action, to be ranked with Hannibal, Alexander, Turenne and Marlborough. Gonzalo struck in a manner not known before : gunpowder revolutionised the idea of warfare.

This magnifico was a Renaissance figure. Identified with Spain's rise to power, he was in great part its cause. The marriage of

King Ferdinand to Queen Isabella, and their joint reign, had united Aragon with Castile : their day was, moreover, made glorious by the achievement of Christopher Columbus. Gonzalo's initial achievement was no less—he drove the Moors finally out of Europe, thereby fulfilling the dear wish of his Queen.

The fall of Moorish Granada before Christian forces was, indeed, to compensate frightened civilisation for the fall of Constantinople to the infidel Turks—the shock of that, as Col. de Gaury points out, could only have its equivalent to-day if Rome were to go down before the Russians. Fifteenth-century Europe, for all its glories, was constantly ridden by apprehensions, by a sense of enemies at its gates. Gonzalo, while conquering, reassured.

A HANDSOME youth, he came as a page to Court and was the second son of a great Southern Spanish family. His father, Intendant of Andalusia, Lord of Montilla and many other estates, held lands up to the Moorish frontiers. Raids were frequent : Gonzalo's mother, the lovely Elvira de Herrera, was all but captured while making her bridal journey. Montilla, the fortress-castle where Gonzalo was born, stands between Cordoba and Granada—no one had better reason than the young general to know, when he faced the Moors, what they were up against.

At the outset, it would seem that his rise to power was due to Queen Isabella's favours—to what extent these were enjoyed one need not be clear : the romance, if any, was brief. The Queen, only two years older than her page, was of stuff too stern for prolonged dalliance. In looks, she was not unlike our own Victoria in youth : also, riding in armour

among her troops, she was to prove no mean second to Joan of Arc.

The Queen's single-mindedness in the Catholic cause was, alas, to harden into fanaticism : she sponsored the terrible Spanish Inquisition. Her *Gran Capitan's* victories were, on the other hand, singularly unblotted by cruelties. Chivalric treatment of captured enemies, generous fairness to fallen cities continued to ennoble his growing name. He was unlike the dreaded Cesare Borgia—who is among the many Renaissance figures to enter the pages of *The Grand Captain*. Jealousy, inevitably, surrounded Gonzalo Fernandez de Cordoba—most of all was he resented by King Ferdinand, long-nosed monarch already outmanned by his vital wife. Ferdinand's survival of Isabella placed a fatal check on Gonzalo's later career.

CAMPAIGNS against France in Italy, with their effect on the balances of power inside Italy itself, are detailed with excellent clearness in this book. That the author should be himself a soldier enables him to put to the best use the military



TRUMPETS OVER MERRIFORD, by Reginald Arkell (Michael Joseph ; 10s. 6d.), from which these two illustrations by J. S. Goodall are taken, follows the success of the same author's *Old Herbaceous* with another charmingly humorous story of village life in the depths of rural England







## THE MYSTERIES OF THE EAST

**NORTH AFRICAN JOURNEY**, by Bernard Newman (Robert Hale; 18s.), is the latest of this most experienced traveller's books on strange lands and their peoples. In this journey he covers three countries: French North Africa—Tunisia, Algeria and Morocco and writes fascinating accounts of historical background and contemporary problems. The illustration, "In the Atlas Mountains," is taken from the frontispiece

material he has collected. His research in other directions has been no less wide—result, *The Great Captain*, vivid in every line and packed with personalities and dramas, succeeds in being a book for everyone. It is also, which is important, the first full-length biography of Gonzalo.

One final point one must stress: that the first use of gunpowder was no less a grief to civilised conscience than, in our day, the dropping of the atomic bomb. No less than the bomb, gunpowder altered the course of history. But, "peace-loving men, and conservative soldiers [Col. de Gaury remarks in his Introduction] were horrified by it. Aghast at what might follow its employment, they swore to cut off the hands and put out

the eyes of all captured gunners. For a time they did exactly that penalty and later tried the same punishment in an effort to stop the explosion of mines during sieges. . . . It was all in vain."

★ ★ ★

**JOHN WAIN'S** second novel, **LIVING IN THE PRESENT** (Secker and Warburg; 12s. 6d.), opens at top speed and in holiday mood. Or, I should more exactly say, the story for its first fifty or so pages promises to make first-rate holiday reading. The theme, though it could be macabre, is briskly treated—Edgar Banks, a young schoolmaster, decides to end his existence, but not alone. He proposes to benefit

society by exterminating one human pest. Edgar's choice, after taking thought, falls upon Rollo Philipson-Smith, a particularly obnoxious neo-Fascist.

To select the victim is one thing, to strike another. Philipson-Smith's execution (as Edgar sees it) is delayed by a series of mishaps: for one thing, the victim is hard to separate from his unofficial bodyguard, McWhirter. On a London slip-up follow several in Switzerland. Edgar, unwillingly reprieved—for he himself must not quit the world till his avowed purpose has been fulfilled—ends, of course, by falling in love with life again.

[Continued on page 301]



## From Morning Light To Evening's Glow

At Chanelle's pretty shop in Knightsbridge we found this very useful morning-till-night ensemble in navy blue georgette. This dress and jacket really do cover two very different occasions. Worn together the effect is exceedingly businesslike, whilst the dress alone, with its lovely iridescent bead work, would be right for drinks or an informal dinner date. It costs 55 gns., and is, we think, an excellent investment.

CHOICE OF THE WEEK





*Right:* Showing the dress alone without the coat, with its wide boat shaped neck-line. The brilliant beading is the colour of beetles' wings

The vivid green velour hat is also worked with similar beads. A charming shape with a two-way prettiness, it looks equally good worn back to front. Costs 12 gns., also comes from Chanelle







## Heads in the air

*The confident look  
for colder days*

HERE are some very new  
Hautumn hats—soft, jewel-  
bright little creations. Many felts  
are being shown this season but  
more velours, velvets and materials  
snatched from the couture work-  
table. Hats are all shapes and sizes  
but all are securely head-hugging,  
ear-muffling foretelling—who  
knows?—a long, hard winter!

*Above:* For cocktail time onwards.  
Kate Day's candy-striped gros-  
grain hat, trimmed with two  
cleverly poised black aigrettes.

*Left:* Madame Vernier's pretty  
little blue beaver-velour hat is  
lined with bright green velvet.  
She designed it specially for  
the Hubbard millinery show





*new cocktail hat by  
Madame Vernier. Made  
of different shades of red  
this hat was designed  
by the Hubbard millinery  
which held last month  
at Londonderry House*



*A Jacques Fath model,  
simple and perfect, made  
of cerise pink Velour-Soleil  
and absolutely right for  
you to wear with your  
new autumn suit. It  
comes from Renée Pavy*





## Continuing



*Black guipure-lace and dark, royal blue velvet make this charming little cocktail hat, suitable for some mandarin's party. It is designed by Rudolf*



*One of the hardest-to-find hats in existence! A really good sports model made of dull green satin taupee by Claude St. Cyr at Hartnell*



# Heads in the air

## Hats for an autumn snap

*Right: Mallard's flat cap of gay black and yellow tweed mounted on a gros-grain brim. With its matching tweed scarf it combines an enormously chic effect with the greatest simplicity*

*Below: Simone Mirman's twist of turquoise blue velvet is an incredibly becoming bit of nonsense for a young and pretty girl*







*These distinctive black and white pottery plates with their elegant design of eighteenth-century dresses are 12s. 6d. each from Fortnum and Mason*



*The TATLER  
and Bystander.  
AUGUST 17, 1955  
296*

*This colourful Swedish ovenware has all sorts of dishes. Price of two pictured here casserole £1 5s. 6d., soup or egg dish 18s. 6d., from Liberty's*

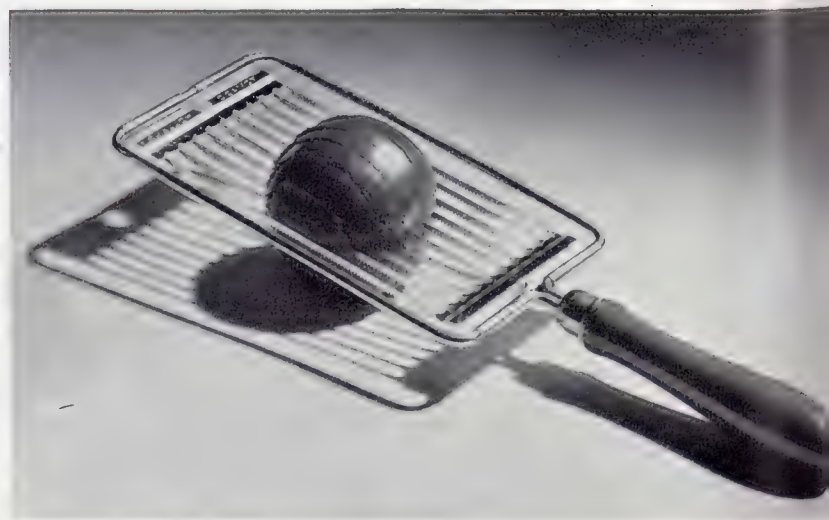
## *Contemporary china that would match the culinary*

*Novel black ashtray in the form of a hand, gilt edged. The price is 12s. 6d., from Liberty's*



Never before have designs in china shown more imagination than at the present time. The shops are showing many delightful examples for those who like originality

— JEAN CLELAND



*A tomato slicer that makes salads easy. Price 4s. 11d., from Harrods*





For the fish course these fish dishes in lovely colours which are designed by Fornasetti, of Milan. Each plate is £1 1s., from Liberty's



Dennis Smith  
Italian ashtrays with design of horses. Large size 17s. 9d., small 8s., single large 6½ in. square and small 3¾ in. square, from Liberty's

## ent usiasm of a gourmet

Slow but sure this amusing little carved tortoise combines the function of corkscrew and bottle opener. Price £2 2s., from Fortnum & Mason



For a gay time party. This colourful supper set tempts the appetite. Large dish and six plates. Price £4 16s., from Woollands





## Beauty

Getting down  
to figures

Jean Cleland



**L**AST week I wrote about slimming, and said that exercise alone is not sufficient to reduce the weight to any considerable extent. This does not mean, however, that it is to be brushed aside as unnecessary. If the figure is to be trim, supple and well proportioned, exercise in some form or other is highly desirable.

Holidays provide an excellent opportunity for enjoying exercise in the form of fun and games. Swimming, walking, tennis, golf, cycling, or just playing cricket with the children on the sands, these are the sort of things that most of us go in for in one way or another at this time of year. All are beneficial to the health and good for loosening the limbs and limbering up the body. But take a word of warning from a physical culture expert to

whom I was talking the other day. *Don't over-do it.*

If you have been leading a fairly sedentary life at home, don't, in the first fine careless rapture of finding yourself with plenty of free time on your hands start straight off with a whole lot of unaccustomed exercise that leaves you exhausted. This does more harm than good, and brings you home feeling more tired than when you went away.

Another word of advice from the expert is "Don't suddenly drop the exercise altogether when the holiday is over. If you do, you will find that the muscles that have been getting nice and firm will very quickly become flabby."

**A** GREAT many people who lead a busy life during most of the year, find it difficult to fit exercise into their daily programme. Even they, however, should be able to find time for at least one brisk walk each day even if it is only on the way to, or coming back from a job. Most experts agree that a really *quick* walk is one of the finest ways of keeping the body in good condition, since it brings *all* the muscles into play.

To get down to "figures" nothing is so effective for achieving a streamline as the daily dozen, done first thing in the morning. The great advantage of this is that the exercises can be chosen according to which part of the body is in need of special attention. It may be the waist, the hips or the abdomen, all of which are apt to get out of line especially as we get older, and the quicker they are dealt with the better.

For those who can spare the time, the most satisfactory way of getting the right exercise for the "odd spot" is to go to one of the salons that make a speciality of the subject. Elizabeth Arden is a good example, since here in a department devoted to physical culture you can get expert advice and have a course of lessons which show you exactly how the exercises should be done.

**S**HOULD your problem be merely the question of a slight roll here, or a little bulge there, specialized exercises may be quite sufficient to put the matter right. If, however, something further is needed to reduce an "All over" increase in weight, advice will be given as to what is the best thing to do according to the individual case. It may be massage, or a wax bath, or a few treatments with the "roller" machine, which literally rolls offending bulges back into place.

So many people ask me what kind of exercises are given in exercise salons that I persuaded the Elizabeth Arden one to let me have three for you to try. The first is a basic

one for correcting posture. It helps to strengthen the muscles and enables the body to be held correctly at all times. The improved position has the effect of "whittling" the waist, the abdomen and the hips.

1. Lie on the back, knees bent, feet on the floor, lift the "tail" of the spine off the ground and at the same time press the centre of the spine (at the waistline) down against the floor, pulling the abdomen right in as you do so. Repeat—up, down, up, down, for a few times, and increase as the muscles get stronger.

**T**HE second exercise is excellent for the entire "Roundabout." The Hips, the Thighs and the Seat.

2. Sit on the floor with the legs straight out in front and the arms lifted on each side. Bend to the right touching the floor with the right hand, then to the left touching the floor with the left hand. Continue to rock quickly from side to side, first on to one hand and then on to the other.

The third exercise is for the waist, hips and cross muscles of the abdomen.

3. With legs together and spine flat throughout, turn the body from the waist down, first to the left and then to the right, slapping the thighs down on to the floor on each side as you do so.

**H**ERE are only brief examples of the kind of exercises given in Elizabeth Arden's Exercise Department. There are many others all designed to create "the body beautiful." To do them to music (as they are done in the salon) under expert guidance is a health-giving and stimulating experience.





# ENGAGEMENTS



*Miss Marianne Brita Wachtmeister*, the daughter of Count Frederik Wachtmeister and Countess Brita Wachtmeister, whose engagement has recently been announced to Mr. Paul Robin Adair, Coldstream Guards, the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Robin Adair



*Miss Janet Ellison*, elder daughter of Brig. and Mrs. J. S. O. Ellison, of Saltedge, West Mersea, is to marry Capt. John Mangles, 13/18th Royal Hussars, elder son of Lt.-Col. C. G. Mangles, M.C., and Mrs. Mangles, of Park Farm, Berechurch, Colchester



*Miss Sally Gilmer*, eldest daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. S. H. Gilmer, of Rodenbury, Hertford, whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Helm Bruce Price, only son of Mr. John W. Price, Jr., and the late Mrs. Price, of Louisville, Kentucky, U.S.A.



## THEY WERE MARRIED

**Von Oppenheim—Stuart-Walker.** Baron C. von Oppenheim, son of Baron H. von Oppenheim, of Cologne, Germany, and of Comtesse de Casteja, of Paris, married Miss I. M. Stuart-Walker, daughter of Mr. E. A. Walker, of Madrid, and of Lady Mary Stuart-Walker, of San Roqu , Spain, at Brompton Oratory



**Don—Holmes.** Mr. Robert Seymour Don, elder son of Air Vice-Marshal F. P. Don, O.B.E., D.L., and Mrs. Don, of Elmham House, Norfolk, married Miss Judith Henrietta Holmes, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Holmes, of The Old Rectory, Shotesham, at All Saints', Norwich



**Dowden—Haussauer.** The wedding took place at St. Peter's Church, Vere Street, of Mr. Leonard H. Dowden, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dowden, of Corringway, London, W.5, and Miss Madeleine L. Haussauer, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Louis Haussauer, of Geneva and Corringway



**Swindells—Tully.** Capt. G. M. S. Swindells, 5th Royal Inniskilling Dragoon Guards, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Swindells, of Oak Tree House, Prestbury, Cheshire, married Miss P. B. B. Tully, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. C. Tully, of The Old Vicarage, Over Peover, Knutsford, Cheshire, at Prestbury Church, Macclesfield



**Walker—Smith.** The marriage took place recently of Mr. Robert Dunlop Reid Walker, the son of the late Mr. T. C. Walker, and of Mrs. J. G. Walker, of Rowantree Cottage, Loans, Troon, Ayrshire, and Miss Hillary Murray Smith, the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Smith, of Abbotsford, Troon, at St. Ninian's, Troon



THE POWERDRIVE 3-WHEEL CAR has a British Anzani twin cylinder engine giving three forward speeds and reverse. Top speed is given as 65 m.p.h. and 65 miles per gallon

## Motoring

by

Oliver Stewart



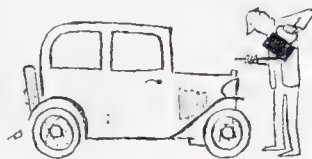
## From Manx to Dundrod

TO those interested in motor sport the nominations for the Jubilee Tourist Trophy race on the Dundrod circuit in September are a delight. Racing has taken so many knocks this year and there have been so many outbursts in the newspapers from those who—because they do not themselves enjoy motor racing—are desperately anxious that nobody else should be allowed to enjoy it, that it is splendid to see one of the finest entry lists ever assembled.

It is headed by a full Mercedes-Benz team who are to come over with five lorries, each containing a racing car, two tenders, seven private cars, fourteen mechanics and thirty other people including drivers! That is surely the way to go motor racing and it shows that the popular conception of German thoroughness has its foundation in fact. The other especially interesting entries are the Jaguars, the Aston Martins and, in the small capacity class, the Panhards. There are cars in the list about which I have little information. The Elva for instance is new to me and I only know that it has the Coventry Climax engine.

Ninety-four laps will be run, making a total of 623 miles. (And here by the way let me mention that, being a genuinely international affair, it would be as well to use the metric system for all measures and to say that the distance to be run is 1,003 kilometres.) A committee of the Royal Automobile Club has inspected the circuit with a view to ensuring the safety of spectators and has given it approval.

ANOTHER anniversary recently celebrated—a ninetieth not a fiftieth—was of the Oldham people. This company is of a kind that is becoming rare, a family concern. A particularly good point was made by its chairman, Mr. John Oldham, when he emphasized the importance of the right kind of technical personnel. He remarked that when such people are to be sent overseas the greatest care ought to be exercised to select them “not only for their specialized knowledge, but for their qualities of adaptability, tact and discretion. Such men,” Mr.



One of the small French three-wheelers built by the Nord Company. Lord Howe in a recent speech has pointed out the relief to traffic crowding if more small vehicles were used in cities, and especially by London Transport

Oldham said, “I regard as one of Britain’s most valuable and enduring exports. At the moment, the demand exceeds the supply.”

I have had personal experience of some of Oldham’s technical representatives and I can confirm that they are a powerful asset to the company on all the grounds mentioned.

LORD HOWE practised what he preached when he arrived at the Dorchester the other day to give a welcome to the new Powerdrive three-wheel car. He came in one of the small Fiats, a car he has long been using for motoring in London. He pointed to the advantages of small size in a city as overcrowded as London. How excellent it would be if London Transport could be made to see the force of this argument.

At the moment they try to meet London’s widely varying traffic needs with an almost uniform fleet of vehicles. What is wanted is a varied fleet to meet varied conditions. The saving by the economic use of road space would more than outweigh the loss on series production facilities. It is extraordinary that London Transport have not realized that their fleet should contain eight and ten-seaters which could be used as reserve forces for dealing with special times and special conditions. Such a fleet, tailored to the conditions of the London roads, would speed up public transport and free the roads for private transport.

Let us get rid of this standard fleet of hideous and gigantic buses.

AT times I have been critical of the British Travel and Holidays Association on the grounds that it has exaggerated the merits and glossed over the defects of our roadside inns and hotels in order to encourage people to come to this country. Its recent report, however, is realistic and it is especially good when it asks for reductions in frontier formalities. When one is travelling with a car the trouble that the Customs, immigration and other hordes of officials can cause is enough to spoil anybody’s holiday.

Fair reporting on our hotels is an extremely difficult matter. Strong adverse criticisms are apt to involve the writer in libel actions and indiscriminate smarm does not convince. Insofar as it can be done, I feel that Mr. W. G. McMinnies’s “Signpost” gives a fair review of our ports of call. The new edition—the sixteenth—contains a considerable section in colour. This emphasizes what is sometimes—alas!—the only good feature of our hotels and inns, their external appearance.

YET another new map has come my way. It is the Mobil through-way road map of the London area. It highlights the officially recommended through routes in yellow. The map is number ten in the Vacuum Oil Company’s series. The background is dark grey—approaching black—and this is not very easy on the eye. But the three-colour street plan is admirable in matter and presentation and a genuine help to everyone who must motor a great deal in London.

These maps are sold at 6d. each. I should add that number ten covers about eighteen miles round London and that the street plan shows the one-way systems, the parking places and the theatres, cinemas and other places of interest.

CONGRATULATIONS must go to Mr. Donald Campbell for his successful attack on the world’s water speed record. This is the record that has checked so many great motor-car drivers. Harry Hawker tried for it, and, of course, John Cobb and Mr. Campbell’s father. All the evidence is that it is a record which demands high technical skill and a great deal of courage on the part of the helmsman. Those who remember Sir Malcolm Campbell’s fine car driving in so many events must be delighted with the new achievement of his son.



## Book Reviews

[Continuing from page 289]

## An Intemperate Heroine



EDGAR has opted for suicide for four reasons. (1) "Because the world contains people like Humbert Flannery" (a neighbour perpetually borrowing sherry glasses); (2) "Because Phyllis has finally left me"; (3) "Because I am a schoolmaster," and (4) "Because loneliness is particularly hellish in London, and I live in London, and I am lonely." Phyllis at least, he soon finds, he is better without. And life, once he expects his stay is to be short, becomes decidedly more agreeable—no to-morrows to face, no bills to pay. Our hero profits by liberation, and uproarious comedy results.

But this book, I think, goes on for rather too long: I feel certain it would be better shorter. The characters, as presented by Mr. Wain, are on comedy for their value: they tend to fade or evaporate when one reads too much of them. They are enjoyable when they bore each other, but at times there's a danger they may bore us. Mr. Wain's narrative manner is his own: maybe one has no business to quarrel with it myself could wish it were curter, crisper. . . . *Living in the Present* as its predecessor *Hurry on Down*.

★ ★ ★

COME FILL THE CUP, by Rosalind Wade (Macdonald, 12s. 6d.), is a courageous novel with a sad subject: the heroine—good-looking, intelligent, gently bred and still quite young—takes to drink. We are to follow her through the humiliating purgatory of the alcoholic; we are also (I think it no harm to say) to see her find redemption before the end.

This could be a sordid story, but is not—thanks to the author's sensitive restraint. Fundamentally, the problem is that of the lonely woman, with enough money, which Hester has at the start, not enough interests, a lost love, insufficient friends and no special place in the world. Hester Revell's happy, romantic marriage might well have lasted but for the war. Alas, war had brought with it the fatal story: separation, her husband's meeting another woman. When we first know her, the unwilling divorce has gone through. She lives alone in a little house in a London mews; her one small son is away at school. "One drink more" sets up that comforting haze. . . .

MISS WADE has not blinked at, or by-passed, the degradations involved. Embarrassed, distressed, the family try to help. Mishaps, mischances occur, again and again, just when the poor creature is all but out of the wood. . . . *Come Fill the Cup* should not, I feel, be read for purely sensational reasons. Though fiction, it does rank as a human document and as such is widening to the sympathies.



LION WITH BLUE WINGS, by Ronald Seth (Gollancz, 16s.), is the heroic story of the Glider Pilot Regiment. The illustration shows a Halifax towing a Horsa glider at the take-off. The book is published on August 22

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## DINING IN

### "Jumbo" Pacific prawns

**A** DISCOVERY for me is quick-frozen Pacific prawns. If you would prepare them as the fishmonger does, place them in boiling salted water and, when it re-boils, give them two to three minutes.

They cost six shillings a pound and that is very reasonable, for they are all tail and the shells are very thin. I like to cook them in a stock with which I can make a simple prawn soup next day. Chop an onion and a carrot and slowly cook them together in a little butter until the onion is transparent. For a pound of prawns, add a full claret glass of dry white wine, four times that amount of water and a *bouquet garni* made up of two sprays each of chervil and parsley, half a small bay leaf and a tiny sprig of thyme, tied together. Add a little salt.

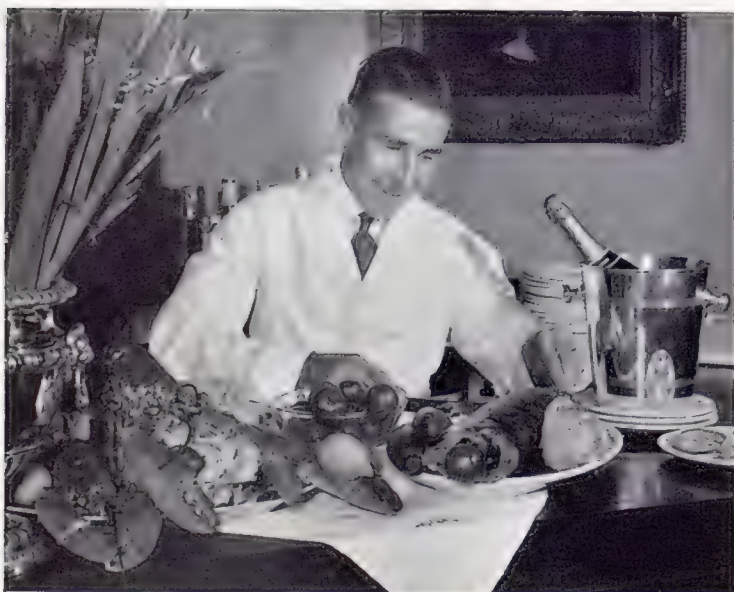
**B**RING to the boil then simmer, covered, for half an hour. Drop the prawns into this, cook as above and leave them in the stock to become cold. The cooking transforms them from their natural rather greenish translucent appearance to warm lobster pink. Peel off the shells and serve them with lovely and correctly made real mayonnaise. For this a recipe appeared in these columns on November 24, last year, but any reliable cookery book should give it. I would mention this, however: Mayonnaise is entirely raw. It is made only of egg yolk, salad oil, an infinitesimal amount of tarragon vinegar or lemon juice, a little salt and, if liked, a few grains of Cayenne pepper. There should not be mustard in it but, if you want it, work in a tiny speck with the egg yolk in the first place. I would stress *raw*, because, in quite a number of cookery books, both our own and American, I have seen recipes for "mayonnaise" where the sauce is cooked!

**L**OBSTER à l'Americaine calls for live lobsters and is, therefore, a dish that I would dread to make, but a passable imitation can be made with these Pacific prawns. For a pound of them, make very hot in a frying-pan a good tablespoon of oil and a small walnut of butter. Cut the tails in half and fry them all over until the shells have taken on the desired pink tone and the flesh has become firm and cooked.

Sprinkle a small measure of brandy over the prawns and set it alight. Add a claret glass of dry white wine and reduced strained fish stock. For this: Simmer together for 20 minutes sole bones, a carrot, an onion, a *bouquet garni* and water to cover. Strain, then simmer until thick and reduced to a small teacupful. Add also to the prawns a teaspoon of tubed tomato purée, a few grains of Cayenne pepper and a clove of garlic crushed with a little salt, using the salt only. Cover and simmer together for 15 minutes.

**L**IFT the prawns on to a serving-dish, cover and keep hot. First, of course, remove the shells. There should not be too much sauce. If there is, simply reduce it a little, then crumble into it a very little *beurre manié* (four parts butter to three parts flour, kneaded together). Taste and, if necessary, season further. Just bring to the boil, pour over the prawns and serve with rice, cooked as for curry and tossed in a little butter at the last minute.

—Helen Burke



HAROLD MOWLE OF BENTLEY'S OYSTER BAR, more familiarly known as "Harry," has worked at Bentley's for sixteen years. Prior to Bentley's he worked at the Albany Club for eighteen years. He is a Londoner by birth, and lives near Harrow. Bentley's first opened in 1917



OFFICERS OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA RIFLES (K.R.R.C.) relax by the terraced vineyard in the wine garden of the Burlington Hotel at Folkestone after their Territorial camp at Dibgait, Shorncliffe. Among those present were the Commanding Officer, Lt.-Col. P. B. Earle, M.C., Lt. N. Eden, son of the Prime Minister, Lt. Lord N. C. Gordon-Lennox, younger son of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, and Lt. J. D. Eccles, son of Sir David Eccles

## DINING OUT

### Pub fare for value

**A** TRULY excellent decision was made by Donald Clark when he took the Earl Haig at Hounslow, a large establishment opposite Hounslow West Station, because he has now been there for twenty-six years, although you would imagine if you saw him entertaining some of his customers that he must have started work there when he was about ten years old because he looks so young. Smart and sparkling bars with light snacks are available, and there is a gay atmosphere, which may possibly be accounted for by the fact that he had the good fortune to marry a lady from Nice, Mlle. Gilberte Dalbera. Her father, Jacques Dalbera, now the great age of eighty-seven, lives at the Earl Haig. He was *sommelier* at Claridge's for an immense number of years and known to all and sundry as "Napoleon," receiving many letters from the great and famous on his ultimate retirement at the beginning of 1947.

The hotel has an excellent dining-room looking out on to a large garden; serves a first-class lunch for 5s. concentrating on English beef, lamb, steak and kidney pudding, etc., with vegetables from the garden; chops or steaks to order, or anything else if you give reasonable notice. They take a lot of trouble with their coffee, which is freshly ground, and have a very short but adequate wine list. Eating in some pubs is a pleasant change now and again, and this is one which makes it worth while.

**F**ROM Earl Haig to Edmund Burke. At the Villa Villa, a restaurant of outstanding quality, at 37 Gerrard Street, W.1, they have a fixed three-course champagne supper which includes a half bottle of Lanson Black Label for 30s. You know exactly where you are and can go away well refreshed at a very reasonable cost.

On the other hand, if you are in the mood you can spend a leisurely evening in the delightful surroundings of what was once the home of Edmund Burke. They have an astonishing hand-written wine list with some magnificent table wines of great age, and some vintage ports, including Croft's 1908 in fine condition. The cuisine is essentially French but they have many specialities and nothing pleases the chef more than for you to plan your meal a few days ahead.

**I** MENTIONED in a recent column that I had discovered a public house in Chelsea which stocked forty different brands of whisky, including one entirely unknown to myself or my friends called "Swing." This, according to a letter I received from Mr. Sam Bevis, who keeps a hostelry at Putney known as The Quill, is pure chicken-feed. He is obviously a "collector of whisky extraordinary" and stated that he had over sixty-four brands of Scotch whisky actually on view in the bars at his "pub," not only in bottles but in magnums and in "tappit hens," so I adopted the obvious course and proceeded to investigate this phenomenon.

There were indeed sixty-four different brands of Scotch, and there was indeed a "tappit hen" of Johnnie Walker, which is a bottle containing half a gallon or three bottles; there was a magnum of "Antiquary," Special Reserve; "John Dewar's" in a Doublon jar, and a dimple of the "Grand Macnish"; there was a "Glenfeddich," a pure malt whisky by William Grant, next to a bottle of "Royal Household" by James Buchanan—and remember this leaves another fifty-eight brands from which to choose. Quite astonishing.

—I. Bickerstaff



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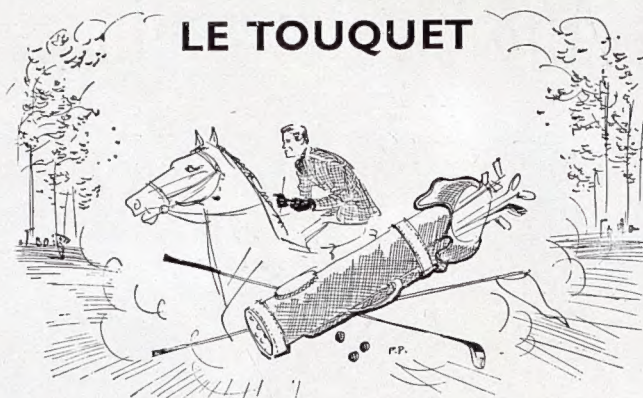
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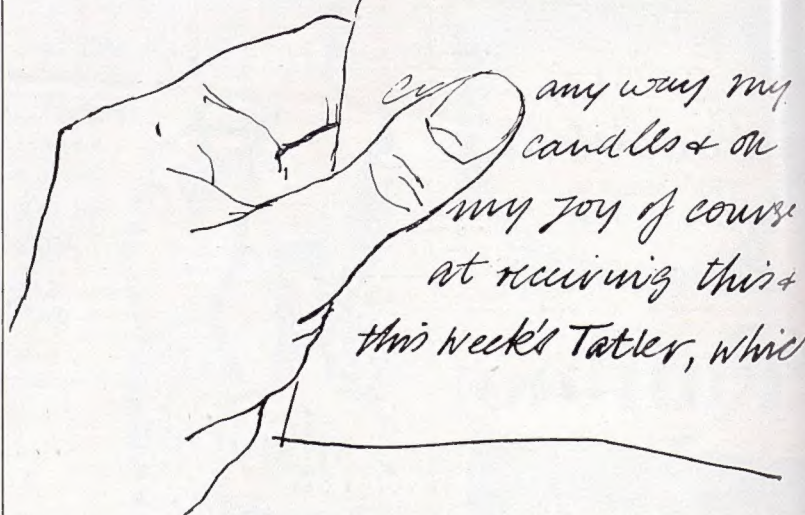
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